Praise in Song

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PRAISE IN SONG

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL, THE PRAYER MEETING

AND THE

HOME

BY

L. O. EMERSON

ASSISTED BY HIS DAUGHTER

ELIZABETH U. EMERSON

BOSTON

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Oliver Wendell Holmes M.D.
(23767)
Feb. 2/96

PREFACE.

"To serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song," has come down through the ages, and seems to find an especial fitness in the needs of this nineteenth century. One of these needs, as it seems to the authors, is a demand for music for the Sunday School, and Prayer Meeting, which shall be a vehicle strong enough to bear our most heart-felt praise to God, and yet not so freighted with unnecessary difficulties or artistic beauties that the *Creator* is forgotten in the work itself, or so devoid of all real musical thought that the result is a meaningless jingle unworthy to be used in Christian Worship.

It has been with the hope of meeting this ideal that this book has been prepared. Great care has been exercised in the selections which have have been made. Much of the music is new and fresh, never having before been published. If it shall meet the needs of Sunday Schools, and all earnest souls seeking to join the upward, onward army, it will have accomplished the end for which it has been written.

There are many fine selections from English authors which we have never before seen in a book of this kind. We have endeavored to retain enough of the old never-to-be-laid-aside hymns and tunes, to be sung while the new ones are being learned, and ever after, when — if the new prove worthy — both have become old together.

Our thanks are due to those who have kindly aided us by contributions and encouragement, and for the use of valuable copyrights.

THE AUTHORS.

BOSTON, *August* 13, 1888.

T. H. GILSON, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, BOSTON.

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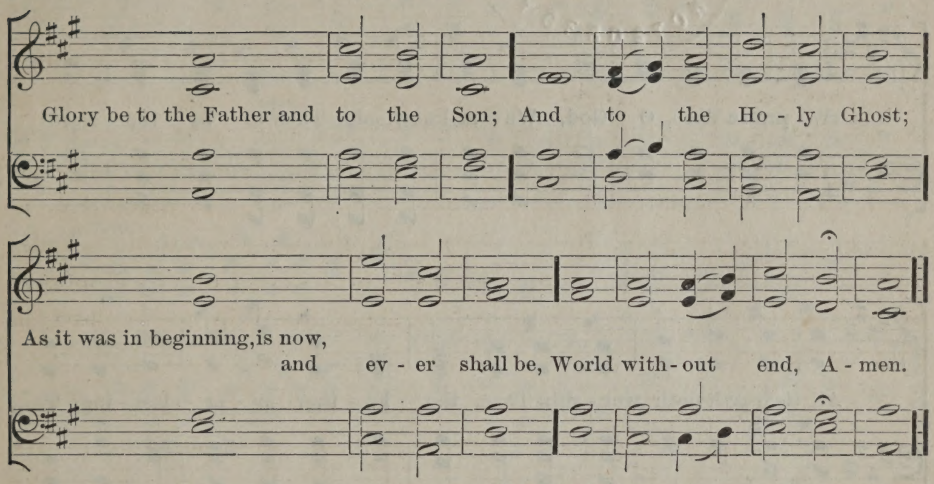
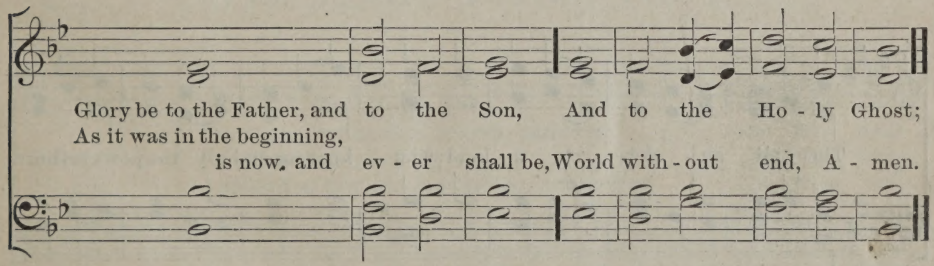
SONGS OF ADORATION.

I Gloria Patri.



2 Gloria Patri.



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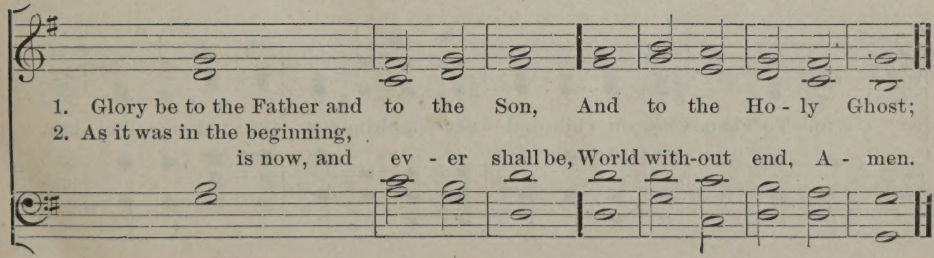


4

We Praise Thee, O God.

(TE DEUM.)

L. O. E.

We praise Thee, O God, We ac-knowl-edge Thee to be the Lord;

All the earth doth wor - ship Thee, the Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing. To

Thee all an - gels cry a - loud; The heavens and all the powers there-

in. To Thee Cher - u - bim and Ser - a-phim con - tin - ual - ly do cry,

We Praise Thee, O God.

p *m*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth! Heaven and earth are

cres. *f*

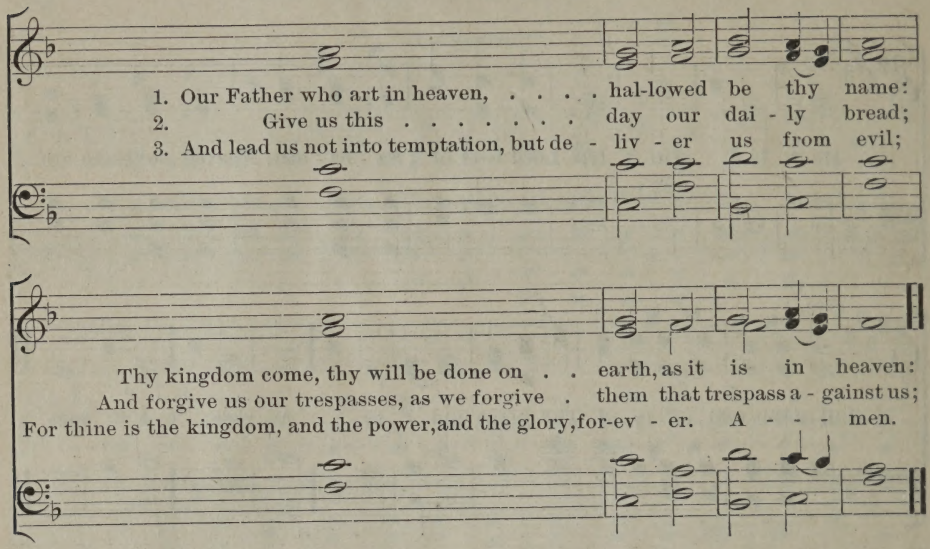
full of the maj - es - ty of Thy great glo - ry. A - men, A - men.

5 The Lord's Prayer. No. 1.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a-gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ever and ever.—A - MEN.

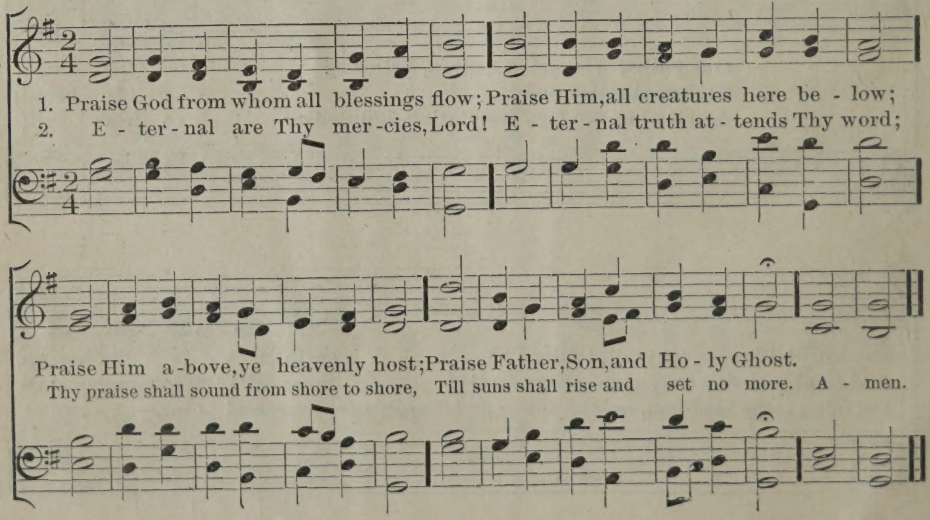
6 The Lord's Prayer. No. 2.



7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

(OLD HUNDRED.)

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



8 Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Bp. Reginald Heber. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God al - migh - ty!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the dark-ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God al - migh - ty!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glas - sy sea;
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!
Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!

God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

9 Round the Throne of Glory.

L. O. E.

Briskly.

1. Round the throne of glo - ry, Cir - cling cher - u - bim
2. Earth with man - y voic - es Blend - ed with the sea,
3. Where the cit - y stee - ple And the vil - lage spire

Raise their hal - low'd voic - es In the sa - cred hymn;
Peal - ing forth the an - them Of their praise to Thee;
Point each faith - ful toil - er To His soul's de - sire,

True their notes are blend - ed, Loud the strains they raise,
Night and day it ris - es, Ming - ling with the song
There in faith we gath - er, There our hom - age pay,

p A little slower.

Thro' the courts e - ter - nal Roll the songs of praise;
Which those sa - cred sing - ers End - less - ly pro - long.
Prayer and praise we of - fer On each hal - low'd day.

Round the Throne of Glory.

p *p*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty,

tempo primo.

Heaven and earth are fill - ed With Thy maj - es - ty. A - men.

4 One our heavenly Father,
Round whose throne we meet,
One our great Redeemer,
One our Paraclete;
Bound in living union,
By one holy tie,
In Thy sacred presence,
Triune God, we cry:
Holy, Holy, Holy, etc.

5 Raise the hymn of triumph!
Heaven and earth and sea,
Roll your thousand voices
Forth in harmony!
Voices young and aged,
Voices grand in song,
Blend them, singers holy,
Loud the strain prolong:
Holy, Holy, Holy, etc.

10 Glory to the Father give.

MONTGOMERY. DYKES.

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live;
2. Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Proph-et, Priest and King;
3. Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Ghost, He re-claims the sin - ner lost;
4. Glo - ry in the high - est be To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty,

Children's pray'rs He deigns to hear, Children's songs de - light His ear.
Children, raise your sweet-est strain To the Lamb, for He was slain.
Children's minds may He in - spire, Touch their tongues with ho - ly fire.
For the Gos - pel from a - bove, For the word that "God is love."

II Praise the Lord, ye Heavens, adore Him.

(PRAISE.) EDWIN MOORE.

Briskly.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a-dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord! for He is glorious; Nev - er shall His pro-mise fail;

Sun and moon, re - joice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light:
God hath made His saints vic - to-rious, Sin and death shall not pre - vail.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spo-ken, Worlds His mighty voice o - bey'd,
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion, Hosts on high His power pro-claim;

Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid - ance He hath made.
Heaven and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

12 Above the clear blue Sky.

Briskly. L. O. E.

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav - en's bright a - bode,
2. But God from in - fant tongues On earth re - ceiv - eth praise;
3. O bless - ed Lord, Thy truth To us in love im - part;
4. O may Thy ho - ly word Spread all the world a - round;

The an - gel host on high Sing prais - es to their God.
We then our cheer - ful songs In sweet ac - cord will raise:
And teach us in our youth To know Thee as Thou art.
And all with one ac - cord Up - lift the joy - ful sound:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! They love to sing To
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! We too will sing To
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Then we shall sing To
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Then all shall sing To

God their King, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
God our King, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
God our King, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
God their King, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

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13 Angels Holy, High and Lowly.

J. S. Blackie. Henry Farmer.

1. An - gels ho - ly, high and low - ly, Sing the prais - es of the Lord!
2. Sun and moon bright, night and moonlight, Star - ry tem - ples a - zure floor'd,
3. O - ceans hoar - y tell His glo - ry, Cliffs where tumbling seas have roar'd;
4. Praise Him ev - er, bounteous Giv - er, Praise Him, Fa - ther, Friend, and Lord,

Earth and sky, all liv - ing nat - ure, Man, the stamp of
Cloud and rain and wild winds mad - ness, Sons of God that
Pulse of wa - ter, blithe - ly beat - ing, Wave ad - vanc - ing,
Each glad soul its free course wing - ing, Each glad voice its

f

thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
shout for glad - ness, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
wave re - treat - ing, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
free song sing - ing, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

14 Angel Voices.

Francis Tott. A. S. Sullivan.

Moderate.

1. An - gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Men - tal eye can scan,
3. Yes, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine;
4. Here, Great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;

Angel Voices.

An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
Thou didst ears and hands and voic - es For Thy praise com - bine!
And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,

Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee, Lord of might!
Can we feel that Thou art near us And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Craftsman's art and music's measure For Thy pleasure, didst de-sign.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choicest mel - o - dy. A - men.

15 O God, our Help in ages past!

J. Watts. 1719. (ST. ANN'S.) W. Croft. 1708.

1. O God, our Help in a - ges past, Our Hope for years to come,
2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
3. A thous-and a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
4. O God, our Help in a - ges past, Our Hope for years to come,

Our Shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter-nal Home.
From ev - er - last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris-ing sun.
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last, And our e - ter-nal Home. A - men.

16 Hark the Sound of Holy Voices.

L. O. E.

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chant-ing o'er the crys - tal sea,
2. Pa - tri - arch, and ho - ly Pro-phet, Who pre-pared the way of Christ,
3. March-ing with Thy cross their ban - ner, They have triumphed, fol - low - ing
4. Now they reign in heaven-ly glo - ry, Now they walk in gold - en light,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee!
King, A - pos - tle, Saint, Con - fes - sor, Mar - tyr, and E - van - gel - ist,
Thee, the Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thee, their Sav-iour, and their King;
Now they drink, as from a riv - er, Ho - ly bliss and in - fi - nite;

Mul - ti - tude, which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
Saint - ly maid - en, god - ly mat - ron, Wid-ows who have watch'd to prayer,
Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they suf-fer'd; Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they died;
Love and peace they taste for - ev - er, And all truth and knowledge see

Clothed in white ap - par - el, holding Palms of vic-tory in their hands.
Join'd in ho - ly con-cert, singing To the Lord of all, are there.
And by death to life im - mor-tal They were born, and glo-ri - fied.
In the be - a - tif - ic vis-ion Of the bless-ed Trin-i - ty. A - men.

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17 I sing the mighty power of God.

LOUIS HARLOW.

1. I sing the migh-ty power of God, That made the mountains rise;
3. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That fill'd the earth with food;

That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the lof - ty skies.
He form'd the creatures with His mind, And then pronounced them good.

2. I sing the wis-dom that ordain'd The sun to rule the day;
4. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low But makes Thy glor - ies known;
5. Crea-tures that bor - row life from Thee Are sub - ject to Thy care;

The moon shines full at Thy com-mand And all the stars o - bey.
And clouds a - rise, and tem-pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.
There's not a place where we can flee, But God is pres - ent there.

18 Oh! worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT, 1830. (LYONS.) F. J. HAYDN, 1770.

1. Oh! wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove,
2. Oh! tell of His might, oh! sing of His grace,
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite!
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail,

Oh! grate - ful - ly sing His pow - er and love;
Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space;
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;

Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,
His cha - riots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,
It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,
Thy mer - cies, how ten - der, how firm to the end,

Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
And sweet-ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
Our Mak - er, De - fen - der, Re - deem - er, and Friend. A - men.

19 Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN.) F. GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - migh - ty King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy migh - ty sword,
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To Thee, great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou, who al - migh - ty art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more! Thy sov - ereign ma - jes - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
ev - ery heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

20 Worthy the Lamb.

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name,"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name,
Ye who have felt His blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we all rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

21 In the cross of Christ I glory.

(RATHBUN.) ITHMA CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

22 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding!

Rev. E. CASWELL. from Latin. ROBERT ADAMS.

1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh;" it seems to say;
2. Wak-ened by the sol-emn warn-ing; Let the earth-bound soul a - rise;
3. Lo! the Lamb so long ex - pect - ed, Comes with par-don down from heav'n;
4. Hon - or, glo - ry, might, and bless-ing, To the Fa - ther and the Son,

Cast a - way the dream of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of to - day.
Christ, her Sun, all ill dis - pell - ing, Shines up - on the morn - ing skies.
Let us haste with tears of sor - row, One and all to be for - given:
With the ev - er - last - ing Spir - it, While e - ter - nal a - ges run.

23 Lord of all Being, Throned Afar.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.* (LOUVAN.) V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Lord of all be - ing; throned a - far, Thy glo - ry
2. Sun of our life, Thy quick - ening ray Sheds on our
3. Our mid - night is Thy smile with-drawn; Our noon - tide

flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of
path the gleam of day; Star of our hope, Thy
is Thy gra - cious dawn; Our rain - bow arch Thy

ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
sof - tened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
mer - cy's sign, All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

* Words used by permission of the author.

24 Hosanna be the Children's song.

LOUIS WILLMOT.

Joyous.

1. Ho - san - na be the children's song To Christ, the children's King;
2. Ho - san - na, sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain;

His praise to whom their souls be-long, Let all the children sing.
While, loud - er, sweet - er, clear - er still, Woods ech - o to the strain.

REFRAIN.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na be the children's song. A - men.

3 Hosanna, on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply;
Hosanna, etc.

4 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's Jubilee,
Let all the children sing;
Hosanna, etc.

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25 Upward, where the stars are burning.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Upward where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing,
2. Far be-yond that arch of glad-ness, Far be-yond these clouds of sad-ness,
3. Where the Lamb on high is seat - ed, By ten thousand voic - es greet-ed:
4. Blessing, hon - or, with - out measure, Heav'nly rich - es, earth-ly treasure,

Round the nev - er - chang-ing pole; Upward where the sky is bright - est,
Are the man - y man-sions fair. Far from pain and sin and fol - ly,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Lay we at His bless - ed feet. Poor the praise that now we ren - der,

Upward where the blue is light-est,— Lift I now my long - ing soul.
In that pal - ace of the ho - ly— I would find my man - sion there.
Son of God, they own, they own Him, With His name the pal - ace rings.
Loud shall be our voic - es yon - der, When be - fore His throne we meet.

26 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices,

(HARWELL.)

T. KELLY. LOWELL MASON. 1841

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er—Thine an ev - er-last-ing crown;
3. Sav - iour! has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh bring the glorious day,

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
Noth - ing from Thy love, shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
When, the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heav - en and earth shall pass away;

See, He sits on yon-der throne, Je - sus rules the world a -
Hap - py ob-jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy
Then with golden harps we'll sing— Glo - ry, glo - ry to our

See, He sits on yon-der throne, Je - sus rules
Hap-py ob - jects of Thy grace Des-tined to
Then with gold - en harps we'll sing— Glo - ry, glo-

lone. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
face. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
King! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

27 Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

CHAS. WESLEY. From SABBATH HARMONY, by per.

1. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing My great . . . . Re - deem - er's praise; The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God! As - sist . . . . me to pro - claim, To spread through all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy name.
3. Je - sus— the name that charms my fears, That bids . . . . my sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic to my rav - ished ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of reign - ing sin, He sets . . . . the pris - oner free; His blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vails for me, His blood a - vails for me.

28 Come let us Join our Cheerful Songs.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine!

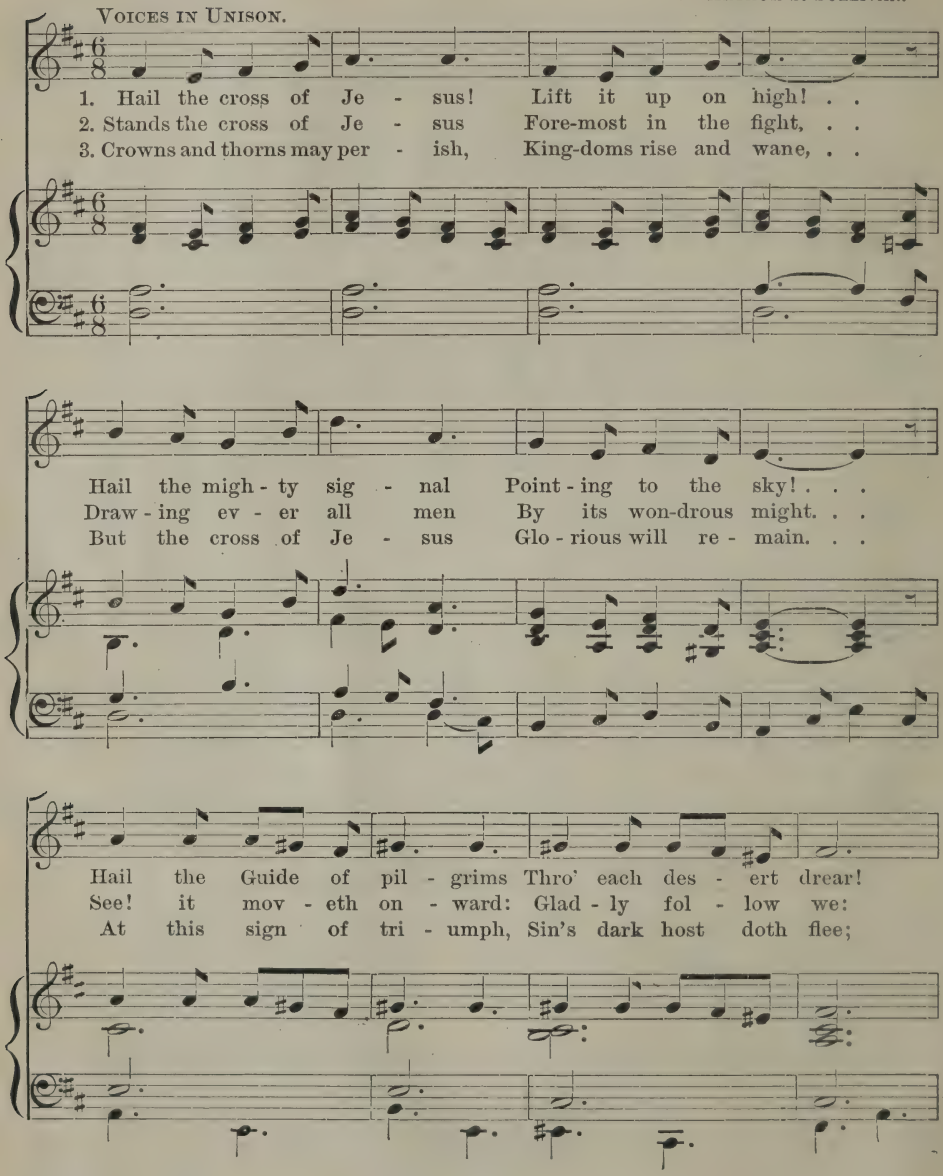
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sets upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

29 Hail the Cross of Jesus.

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.



Hail the Cross of Jesus.

Hail the sign of Je - sus, Chas - ing far our fear!
Wher - so - e'er it go - eth Should Christ's sol - diers be. . .
On, then, chris - tian sol - diers! On to vic - to - ry. . .

CHORUS.

f

Hail the cross of Je - sus! Lift it up on high!

UNISON.

Hail the migh - ty sig - nal Point - ing to the sky!

30 Jesus, the Children's King.

Mrs. S. B. Herrick. L. B. Starkweather.

1. A-wake, my heart, a - wake, my tongue, And sing a - loud a rapturous song Of
2. He lived for us a life of care, That we His bless-edness might share, And
3. He asks that we His lambs may be, In gen - tle - ness and pu - ri - ty; By
4. And when we reach the gold-en shore, Where toil and con-flict all are o'er, He'll

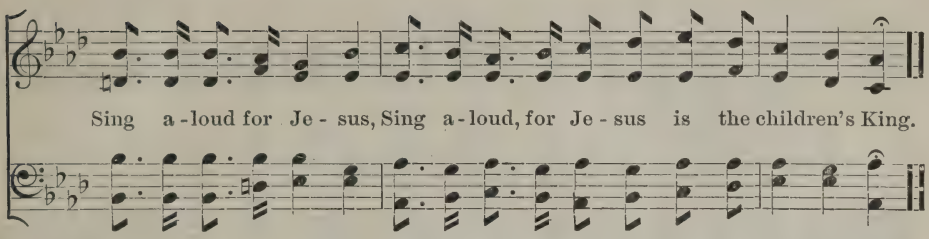
Him who is the chil-dren's King, Of Him who bids the peo - ple sing.
from His Fa-ther's glo - ry came, Oh, sing a - loud His wondrous name.
crys - tal streams, in par - tures fair; He'll lead us with a shep-herd's care.
place us, each a ra - diant gem, Up - on His roy - al di - a - dem.

Chorus.

Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus,

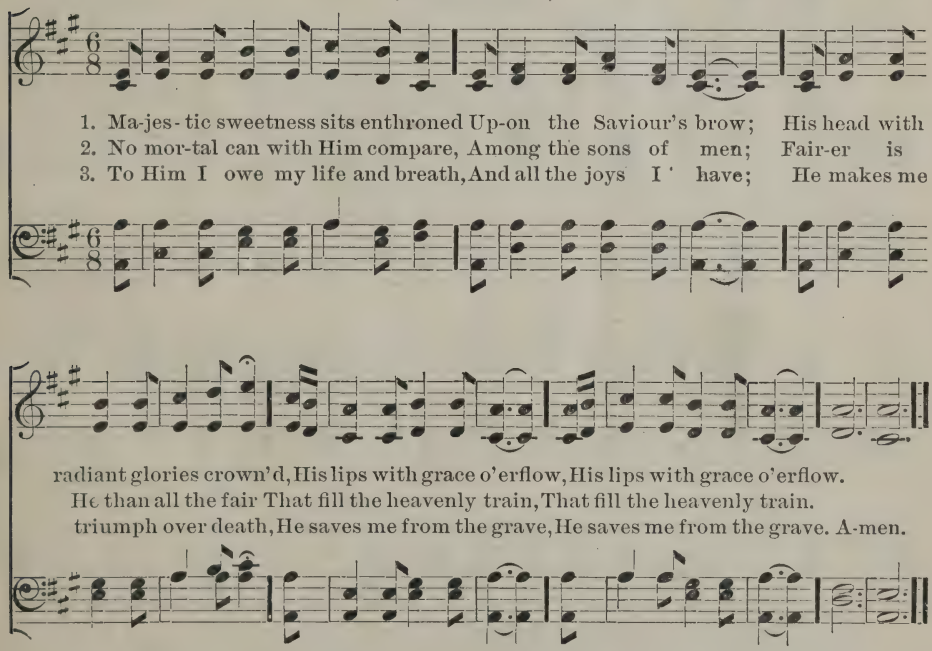
Je - sus is the chil-dren's King! Ah, yes, we'll sing a - loud for Je - sus,

Jesus, the Children's King.



31 Majestic Sweetness sits Enthroned.

STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE.) THOS. HASTINGS.



4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

32 Crown Him with many Crowns.

M. Bridges. Sir John Elvey.

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace! Whose power a scep - tre sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of heaven! One with the Fa - ther known,

Hark! how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
In heaven and earth that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise.
And the blest Spir - it, thro' Him given, From yon - der Tri - une throne!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
His reign shall know no end; And round His pierc - ed feet
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me!

And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But downward bends his wond'ring eye, At mys - te - ries so bright.
Fair flowers of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra-grance ev - er sweet.
Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Thoughout e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

33 O could we Speak the Matchless Worth.

S. MEDLEY. (ARIEL.) L. MASON.

1. Oh, could we speak the match-less worth, Oh, could we sound the glories forth,

Which in our Saviour shine!—We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel,

while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

2 We'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

3 Oh, the delightful day will come,
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,
And we shall see His face!
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

34 The King of Love my Shepherd is.

H. W. Baker. Composed and arranged by L. O. Emerson.

1. The King of love my shepherd is, Whose goodness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I stray'd, But yet in love He sought me,
3. Thou spreadst a ta - ble in my sight, Thy unc-tion grace be - stow-eth,

I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And on His shoulder gen-tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
And O the transport of delight With which my cup o'er - flow - eth.

Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ransom'd soul He lead - eth,
In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
And so, thro' all the length of days Thy good-ness fail - eth nev - er;

And where the ver-dant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for-ev - er.

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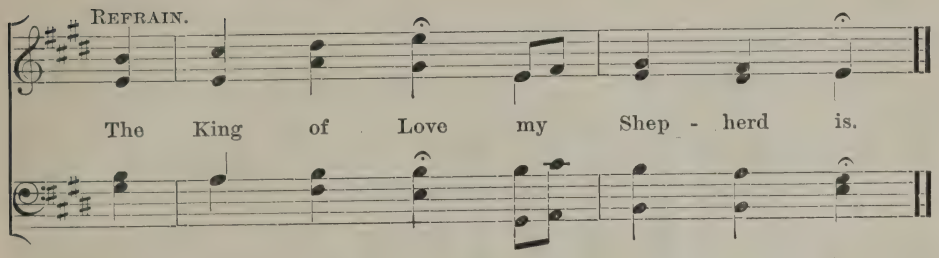
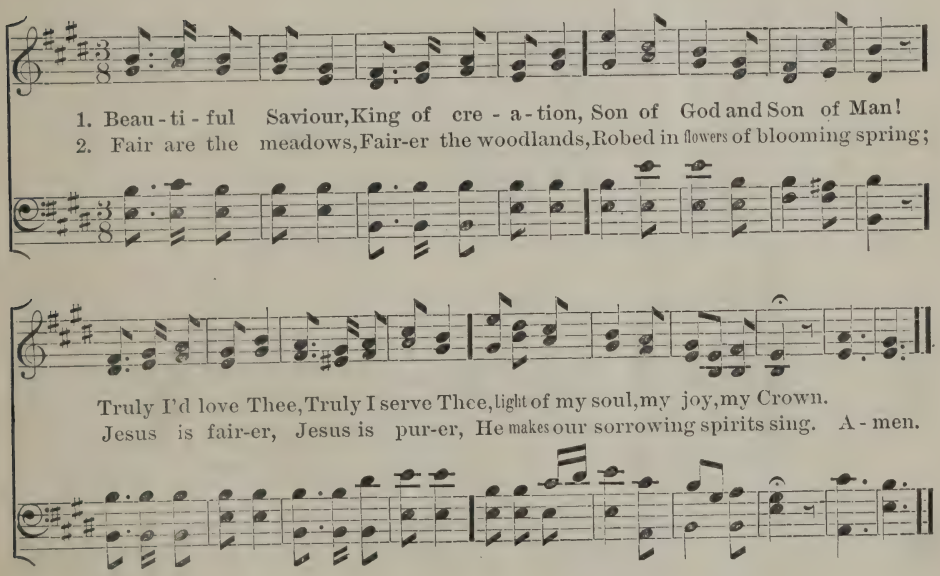
The King of Love my Shepherd is.



35 Beautiful Saviour,

L. O. E.



3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer the moonlight,
And the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

4 Beautiful Saviour,
Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and forever more be Thine.

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36 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

(CORONATION.)

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall:
2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

37 Alleluia! Thanks and Glory.

Joyful. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! thanks and glo - ry, High a - dor - ing praise we bring,
2. Al - le - lu - ia! King, Redeem - er, Sav - iour of an E - den lost!
3. Al - le - lu - ia! Oh! the mer - cy! Oh! the good-ness, love, and grace!

Hearts and voic - es both up - lift - ed To our crown'd and conquering King!
Tho' but chil-dren, sin - ful chil-dren, We are Thine by price - less cost;
Mer - cy rich, and free, and glorious, Pass - ing bound of time and space!

Children in the tem-ple prais'd Thee, Thou the children's praise didst own;
Though but chil-dren, weak and wayward, Yet thro' Thy re - deem - ing love
Let Thy chil-dren sing ho - san - na, Sing and say, in faith di - vine,

Now let children's praise, ac-cept-ed, Reach Thee on Thy ra-diant throne.
Washed, for-giv-en, sealed for glo - ry, We shall reign with Thee a-bove.
"Such a Sav - iour, such sal - va - tion, Such e - ter-nal joys are mine!" A-men.

4 Alleluia! O most holy,
O most patient, O most true,
Ever faithful, all-forgiving,
Still bestowing mercies new!
Day by day ha mercy kept us,
Soul and body kept from ill;
Night by night, in peace descending,
Cometh mercy, mercy still.

5 Then to Him, the Fount of mercy,
Jesus Christ, the children's King,
Blessing, honor, thanks, and glory,
Let His children ever bring.
Let their mighty Alleluia
Fill the earth from shore to shore,
Till with that new song it mingles,
Sung in heaven for evermore!

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38 In the rosy Light of Morning bright.

C. M. WYMAN.

1. In the ros - y light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high;
2. Let His praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled To de-liv - er us from woe,
3. Now ex - alt - ed high o - ver earth and sky, He de-lights in mer - cy still;
4. On the cross He hung for the old and young, But He loves the chil-dren best;

From the lips of youth to the God of Truth, Let the joy - ful ech-oes fly.
Has endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss, Let His praise for - ev - er flow.
Bends His gra-cious ear our re-quests to hear, And our long - ing souls to fill.
To His arms we'll fly, on His grace re - ly, And se - cure the promised rest.

CHORUS.

Sing prais - es, glad prais - es, sing, chil - dren, sing!

Let your songs a - rise to the loft - y skies, And ex - ult in God our King.

39 The Holy Angels sing.

Arr. by L. O. Emerson.

Moderately quick.

1. The ho - ly an - gels sing, Thro' all the end - less days, One nev-er end-ing
2. For-bear with all our sins, Our wayward sel - fish will; Our pen - itence ac-

song Of glad tri - um - phant praise. The ho - ly an - gels come To help us
cept, And guide and bless us still. "Heirs of sal - va-tion" made With-in His

slower.

on our way; Ye blessed ones! forbear, And close be-side us stay.
Ho - ly Place, The an-gels now behold Our heavenly Fa - ther's face. Amen.

3 They worship, evermore,
On His Eternal Throne,
The perfect God and Man,
The sole Begotten One.
Yet, day and night they guard
His little ones from ill,
And by their works of love,
They do His perfect will.

4 O gracious Father! grant
That we, so loved and blest,
Like them, from praise and love
May never, never rest.
Now to the Lamb, once slain,
Blessings and thanks be given,
By angels and by men,
On earth, as aye, in heaven.

40 Come, Christian Children.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. (ALL HALLOWS.) ENGLISH.

Joyous.

1. Come, Chris-tian chil-dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;
2. Sing of the won-ders of His Truth, And read in ev - ery page
3. Sing of the won-ders of His Grace, Who made and keeps you His,

FINE.

Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.
The pro - mise made to ear - liest youth Ful - filled to lat - est age.
And guides you to th' ap-point - ed place At His right hand in bliss.

Sing of the won - ders of His Love, And loud - est prais - es give,
Sing of the won - ders of His Power, Who with His own right arm
Sing of the won - ders of His Name, And Je - sus Christ a - dore;

D.C.

To Him who left His throne a-bove, And died that you might live.
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour And shields from every harm.
Him for your Lord and God proclaim, And praise Him ev-er - more. A - men!

41 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb.

JOHN CENNICK. (RHINE.) BURGMÜLLER.

1. Thou dear Re-deemer, dy-ing Lamb, I love to hear of Thee; No mu-sic's
2. Oh, may I ev-er hear Thy voice In mer-cy to me speak; In Thee, my
3. My Je-sus shall be still my theme, While on this earth I stay; I'll sing my
4. When I ap-pear in yon-der cloud, With all His fav-ored throng, Then will I

like Thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.
Priest, will I rejoice, And Thy sal-va-tion seek, And Thy sal-va-tion seek.
Je-sus' love-ly name, When all things else de-cay, When all things else de-cay.
sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song, And Christ shall be my song.

42 The Saviour! Oh, what endless Charms.

ANNE STEEL. ROBERT ADAMS.

1. The Sav-iour! oh, what end-less charms Dwell in the bliss-ful sound!
2. Oh! the rich depths of love di-vine! Of bliss, a bound-less store!
3. On Thee a-lone my hope re-lies, Be-neath Thy cross I fall!

Its in-fluence ev-'ry fear dis-arms, And spreads sweet com-fort round.
Dear Sav-iour, let me call Thee mine, I can-not wish for more.
My Lord, my Life, my Sac-ri-fice! My Sav-iour, and my All!

43 Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

GODFREY THRING. *ab.* L. O. E.

1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav- iour, Lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voic - es
2. Near- er, ev - er near- er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad - o -
3. Clear-er still, and clear- er Dawns the light from heaven; In our sad - ness
4. High-er, then, and high- er, Bear the ransom'd soul, Earth - ly toil for -

rais-ing prais-es to our King; All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be,
ra - tion bending low the knee; Thou for our redemption, Com'st on earth to die,
bringing News of sin for - given. Life has lost its shadows, Pure the light within;
getting, Saviour, to its goal; Where, in joys unthought of, Saints with angels sing,

REFRAIN.

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. Glo - ry, glo - ry,
Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.
Thou hast shed Thy ra-diance On a world of sin.
Nev - er wea - ry rais - ing Prais-es to their King.

Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour, Lis-ten while we sing.

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44 Hosanna to the Living Lord.

BISHOP HEBER.

1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in-car-nate Word!
2. Ho - san - na, Lord! Thine an-gels cry; Ho - san - na, Lord! Thy saints re - ply;
3. O Sav- iour, with pro - tect-ing care, Re - turn to this Thy house of prayer;

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heaven, ho-san - na sing.
A - bove, be-neath us, and a - round, The dead and liv - ing swell the sound.
As - sem-bled in Thy sa - cred name, Where we Thy part - ing prom-ise claim;

Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est!
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est!
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est!

4 But, chiefest in our cleansèd heart,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,
Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna, in the highest!

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45 Praise the Redeemer.*

W. F. S. W. F. SHERWIN. 1884.

1. O come, let us praise the Re-deem-er, And of-fer thanksgiving in song;
2. The song that the an-gels are swelling, Is "wor-thy the Lamb that was slain;"
3. We join in the heav-en-ly cho-rus, Tho' humble the off-'ring we bring;

To Him lift our hearts with our voic-es, And loud hal-le-lu-jahs pro-long!
And all the redeemed ones in wait-ing, Re-ech-o the thrilling re-frain—
All hail to the migh-ty Re-deem-er! For He is our Sav-iour and King.

Un-to Je-sus, un-to Je-sus, All glo-ry and hon-or be-
Praising Je-sus, praising Je-sus, For He is the Lamb that was
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The world with the an-thems shall
Un-to Je-sus, un-to

Un-to Je-sus,

long; Un-to Je-sus, un-to Je-sus, All glo-ry and honor be-long.
slain. Praising Je-sus, praising Je-sus, For He is the lamb that was slain.
ring. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The world with the anthem shall ring.

* From "SONG WORSHIP" by per.

46 Grateful Love,

ROBERT ADAMS. By per.

1. Shall hymns of grate - ful love Thro' heaven's high arches ring,

And all the hosts a - bove Their songs of tri - umph sing;

And shall not we take up the strain, and send the ech - o back a - gain?

2 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with His blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 Oh spread the joyful sound!
The Saviour's love proclaim;
And publish all around
Salvation through His name:
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again!

47 Rest in His love,

(ASAPH.)

Dr. L. Mason.

1. All ye that are wea-ry, 'tis Je-sus who calls you, O come to the
2. Come hum-bly to Je-sus, and tell Him your sto-ry, Of suffering or

Sav-iour, and rest in His love; Tho' dark be the for-tune on earth that be-
sor-row, of guilt or of shame; The par-don of sins is the crown of His

falls you, There's glo-ry e-ter-nal in heav-en a-bove.
glo-ry, The joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

Refrain.

Sweet peace! Rest in His love, Sweet peace! Rest in His love.
Our Lord,— true to His Name, Our Lord,— true to His Name.

48 As down in the Sunless retreat of the Ocean.

(TROLIUS.)

L. O. EMERSON.

1. As down in the sun-less re-treat of the o-cean, Sweet flow-ers are spring-ing no mor-tal can see, So, deep in my heart, the still prayer of de-vo-tion, Un-heard by the world, ris-es si-lent to Thee, My God! si-lent to Thee, Pure, warm, si-lent to Thee.

2. As still to the star of its wor-ship, tho' clouded, The nee-dle points faith-ful-ly o'er the dim sea; So, dark as I roam, thro' this win-try world shrouded, The hope of my spir-it turns, trembling, to Thee, My God! trembling to Thee, True, fond, tremb-ling to Thee.

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49 Sometimes I catch Sweet Glimpses of His Face.

Dr. H. Bonar. Claribel.

1. Some-times I catch sweet glimpses of His face, But that is all;
2. And is this all He meant when first He said, "Come un - to me"?
3. Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heav - y thoughts, But love His love;
4. Christ and His love shall be thy bless - ed all For - ev - er - more;

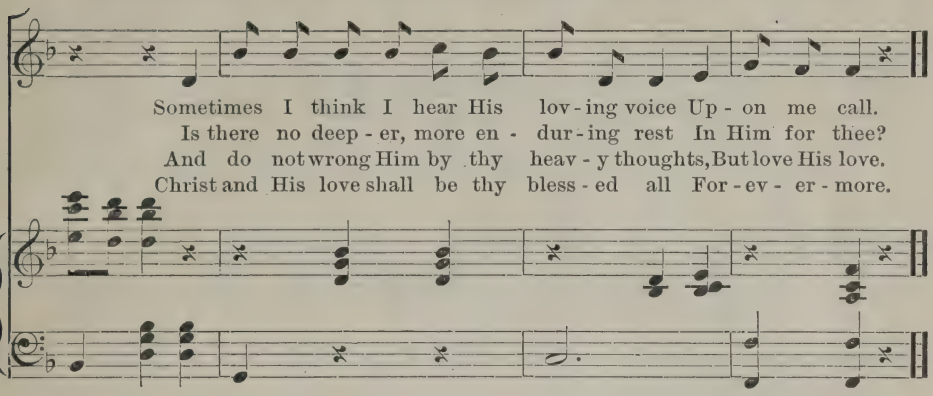
pp

Sometimes He looks on me and seems to smile, But that is all;
Is there no deep - er, more en - dur - ing rest In Him for thee?
Do thou full jus - tice to His ten - der - ness, His mer-cy prove;
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways For - ev - er-more;

pp

Sometimes He speaks a pass - ing word of peace, But that is all;
Is there no stead - ier light for thee in Him? Oh come and see;
Take Him for what He is, O take Him all, And look a-bove;
Christ and His peace shall keep thy trou - bled soul For-ev - er-more;

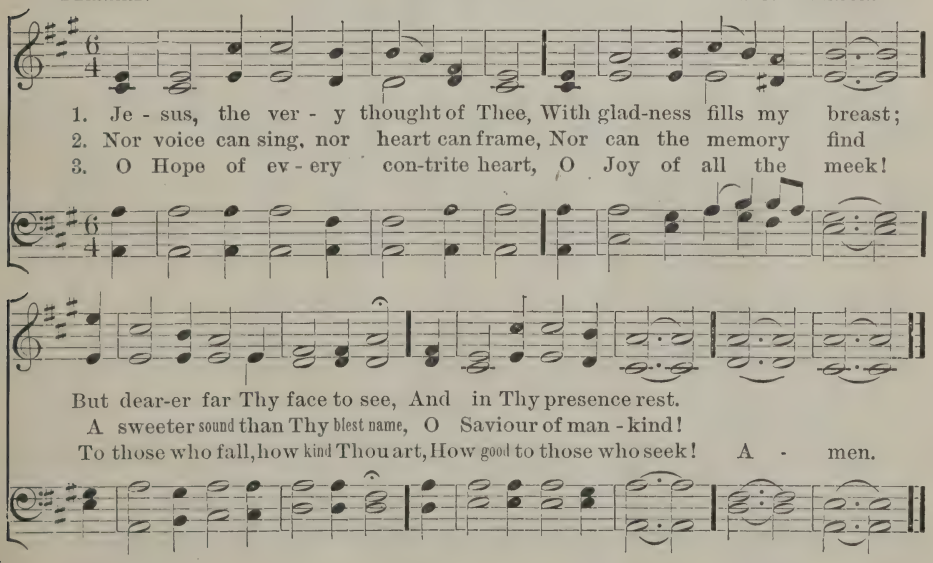
Sometimes I Catch Sweet Glimpses of His Face.



50 Jesus, the very Thought of Thee.

(BRINDLEY.)

BERNARD. L. O. EMERSON.



4 And those who find Thee find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou!
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

51 Sweet is Thy Mercy, Lord.

Arr. From BARNBY.

VOICES IN UNISON

Slow. *p*

1. Sweet is Thy mer-cy Lord! Be-fore Thy mer-cy-seat, My
2. Light Thou our weary way, Lead Thou our wand'ring feet, That

f *rit.* *p* *a tempo.*

soul a-dor-ing pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mer-cy sweet. Wher-
while we stay on earth we may Still find Thy mer-cy sweet. Thus

m *p*

e'er Thy name is blest, Wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet, There
shall the heavenly host Hear all our songs re-peat, To

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Sweet Is Thy Mercy, Lord.

dim. *ril.* *p*

I de-light in Thee to rest, And find Thy mer-cy sweet.
Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly, Ghost, My joy Thy mer-cy sweet. A-men.

52 Jesus, Only Jesus.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus! Noth-ing more we need, Christ, who doth in
2. Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus! Came from heav'n a-bove, Bore our pains and
3. Je-sus, ho-ly Je-sus! Bids us God to serve; From that blest o-
4. Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus! Noth-ing more we need, In Thy love ex-

heav-en For us in-ter-cede; Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus!
sor-rows, Prov-ing "God is love." More and more like Je-sus
be-dience May we nev-er swerve! Je-sus, faith-ful Je-sus,
ceed-ing, Find we heav'n in-deed. Je-sus, Sav-iour, Je-sus!

He is all in all: Satan's e-vil ter-ror Can-not now ap-pall.
May we ev-er grow: In our dai-ly du-ties, Love to Je-sus show.
Nev-er will for-sake; From His con-stant pres-ence Let us cour-age take.
At Thy feet we fall; Precious, precious Je-sus! Thou art all in all!

53 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Rev. F. W. Faber. L. O. Emerson.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind:

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is no place where earth's failings Have such kind-ly judgment given.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.

There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
There is plen-ti-ful re-demption In the blood that has been shed;
If our love was but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the members In the sor-rows of the Head.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

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54 Yes! for me He Careth.

Arr. from CHOPIN, by E. U. E.

Smoothly.

1. Yes! for me, for me He car - eth, With a broth - er's ten - der care, Yes! with me, with me He shar-eth Ev - ery bur - den, ev - ery care.
2. Yes! o'er me, o'er me He watch - eth, Cease - less watch - ing ev - ery day, Yes! e'en me, e'en me He shieldeth From the per - ils of the way.
3. Yes! in me, in me He dwell - eth, I in Him and He in me; And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth Here, and thro' e - ter - ni - ty
4. Thus I wait for His re - turn - ing, Sing - ing all the way to heaven; Such the joy - ful song of morn-ing, Such the joy - ful song of even.

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55 God is in the Heavens.

Rev. C. T. BROOKS.

1 God is in the heavens above us,
On the earth and everywhere;
He will never cease to love us;
We are children of His care.

2 When the summer skies are o'er us,
And the sunshine fills the air,
And the birds in joyful chorus
Sing His praises, God is there.

3 When the stars in winter glisten
And the trees are brown and bear,
God our Father then will listen
To the little snow bird's prayer.

4 Let us love Him and adore Him
Who has made this world so fair!
Singing as we walk before Him
God is with us every where.

56 If Ye love Me.

Mrs. S. B. Herrick. L. B. Starkweather.

1. If ye love me, lit - tle children, You will keep my commandments; On your
2. If ye love me, lit - tle children, You shall walk in my garden, 'Mid the

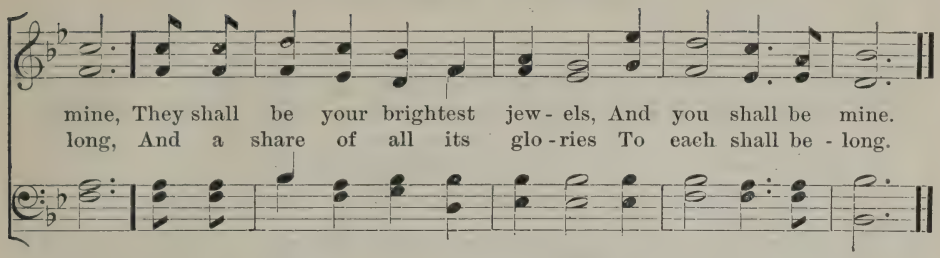
lov - ing hearts you'll bind them In beau - ty to shine; All your life-path a -
o - dor of its spi - ces, The rap-ture of song. Then your hearts shall be

dorn - ing, Like the pearls of the morn - ing. They shall be your brightest
light - er, And your path shall be bright-er, And a share of all its

jewels, And you shall be mine; And you shall be mine, And you shall be
glories To each shall be - long; To each shall be - long, To each shall be -

From "Glad Tidings," by per.

If Ye Love Me.

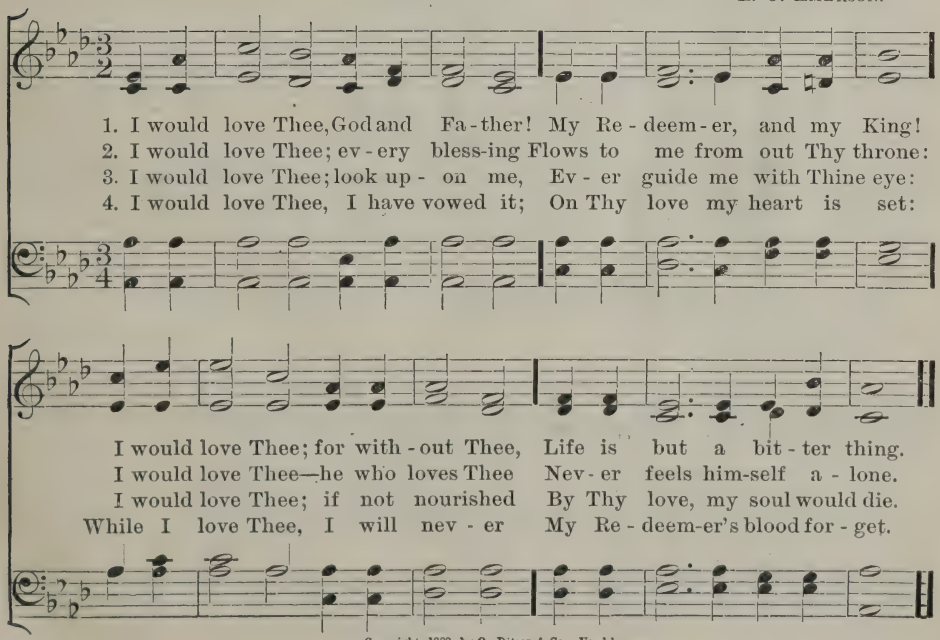


3 If ye love me, little children,
You shall dwell in my mansions;
And your raiment, in its glory,
Shall shine as the sun;
And my peace, like a river,
Flowing ouward forever,
I will give you, and you shall be
Bright stars in my crown;
Bright stars in my crown,
Bright stars in my crown,
I will give you, and you shall be
Bright stars in my crown.

57 I would Love Thee, God and Father.

(REDEEMER.)

L. O. Emerson.



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58 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Mrs. E. Prentiss. W. H. Doane. By per.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest: Now Thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy mes - sen-gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise, This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

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59 Saviour, Teach me, Day by Day.

Jane E. Leeson. Owen Holworthy.

Andante.

1. Sav-iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bid-ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
4. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;

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Saviour, Teach me, Day by Day.

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first lov'd me.
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first lov'd me.
Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who first lov'd me.
Sing - ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first lov'd me.

60 I was a Wandering Sheep.

Dr. H. Bonar. Arr. from the English.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love the
2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Father sought His child; They follow'd me o'er
3. No more a wandering sheep, I love to be con-trolled, I love my ten - der

Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled: I was a wayward child, I
vale and hill, O'er de - serts waste and wild; They found me nigh to death, Fam-
Shepherd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold! No more a wayward child, I

did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
ished, and faint and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They sav'd the wand'ring one.
seek no more to roam, I love my heavenly Father's voice, I love, I love His home.

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61 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

JOHN NEWTON. (HEBER.) GEOŌGE KINGSLEY.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troub - led breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart And cold my warm - est thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
4. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev - ery fleet - ing breath; And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

62 God is Love! His Mercy Brightens.

JOHN BOWRING. (NEWTON.) L. O. EMERSON.

Allegro moderato.

1. God is love! His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
2. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth, Will His changeless goodness prove; From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wis - dom, God is love.
3. He with earth - ly cares en-twin - eth Hope and com-fort from a - bove; Ev - erywhere His glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

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63 Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy Ho-ly Spir-it In-to ev-'ry trou-bled breast!
3. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure un-spot-ted may we be:

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all Thy grace in-her-it, Let us find Thy promised rest.
Let us see our whole sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly se-cured by Thee.

Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive;
Changed from glo-ry un-to glo-ry, Till in heaven we take our place;

1. Je-sus, Thou art all com-passion, Pure, unbound-ed love Thou art;
2. Come, al-migh-ty to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive;
3. Changed from glo-ry un-to glo-ry, Till in heaven we take our place;

Vi-sit us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
Speed-i-ly re-turn and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

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64 Draw me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney. By per.

1. Clos - er to Thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for Thine em-brace;
2. Clos - er to Thee, my Sav-iour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more;
3. Clos - er by Thy sweet Spir-it draw me, Till I am whol-ly Thine!

Clos - er with - in Thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest-ing place.
Sigh - ing to feel Thine arms a - round me, And all my wand'rings o'er.
Quick - en, re - fine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine.

Chorus.

Clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself a-bove;
Closer, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to Thy-self a - bove,

Clos - er draw me To Thyself a - bove.
Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to Thy-self a - bove, Draw me to Thyself a - bove.

65 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; Even though it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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66 Thou Whom my Soul Admires.

Dr. WATTS. (WILSON.) ELIZABETH U. EMERSON. By per.

1. Thou whom my soul ad - mires a - bove All earthly joy, all earth-ly love,
2. Where is the shad-ow of that rock That from the sun de - fends Thy flock?
3. Why should Thy Bride ap - pear like one That turns a - side to paths un-known!

Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know Where do Thy sweet - est pas-tures grow.
Fain would I feed a - mong Thy sheep, Among them rest, a - mong them sleep.
My constant feet would nev - er rove Would never seek an - oth - er love.

67 Oh for a Heart to Praise My God.

C. WESLEY. (WOODSIDE.) L. O. EMERSON.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem - er's throne;
3. Oh, for a low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean!

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly spilt for me!
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a - lone!
Which neither life nor death can part From all that dwells within. A - men.

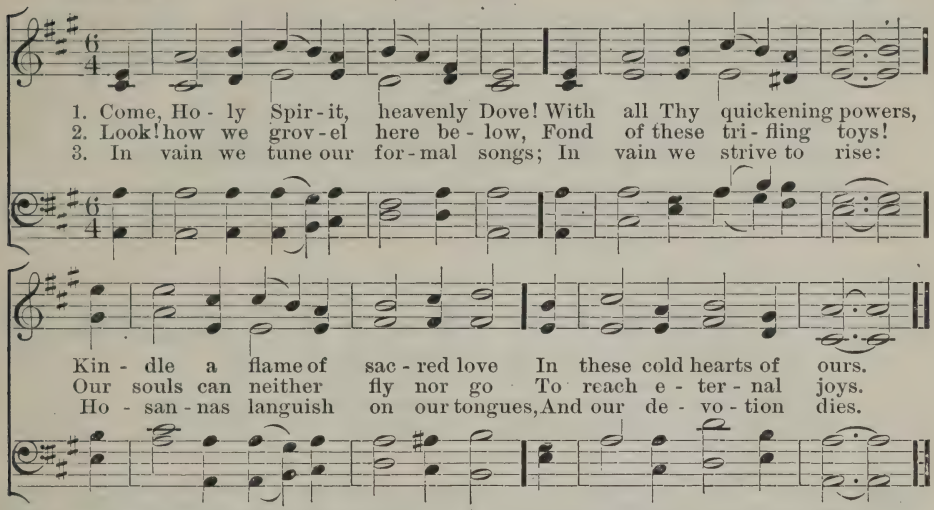
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord! impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

From "Sabbath Harmony."

68 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Dr. Watts. (CLAYTON.) Robert Adams.



4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

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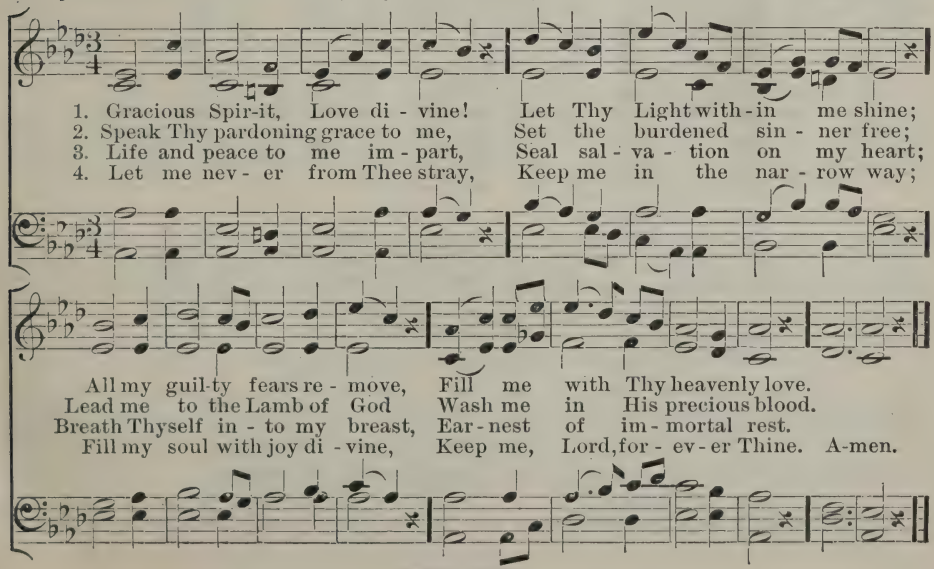
69 Gracious Spirit, Love divine.

John Stocker. (ROLLINS.) L. O. Emerson.



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70 Holy Spirit, Blessed Dove.

From the ENGLISH.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless - ed Dove, Sent by Je - sus from a - bove,
2. Gen - tle Guide and Help - er sweet, Lead our wea - ry, way-worn feet
3. Form in us each good de - sire, Quick-en them with ho - ly fire,
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless - ed Dove, Com-fort - er, whose Name is Love,

Sent to be our Friend most dear, And a Com-fort - er to cheer.
Safe-ly thro' this world of care, Till they reach Thy dwelling fair.
Till the life on love's strong wing Upward soar, and soar-ing sing.
Help-er, Friend, Companion, Guide, Ev - er-more with us a - bide. A - men.

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71 Our Blest Redeemer.

HANNIET AUBER. PHILIP PEVERIL.

1. Our blest Re-deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,
2. He came sweet influence to im - part, A gra - cious will - ing guest,
3. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,

A Guide, a Com-fort - er bequeathed With us to dwell.
While He can find one hum-ble heart Where - in to rest.
That checks each thought, that calms each fear And speaks of heaven. A - men.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And worthier Thee! Amen.

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72 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

ANDREW REED. J. FORSYTH. By per.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine!
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine!

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed - ing heart.

Ho - ly Ghost, with power di - vine, Cleanse this guil - ty heart of mine:
Ho - ly Spir - it, all Di - vine! Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Cast down ev - ery i - dol-throne; Reign supreme, and reign a - lone! A - men.

73 Hark! Hark! my Soul.

F. W. Faber, 1840. L. O. Emerson.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an-gel-ic voic-es swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave beat shore;
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for Je-sus bids you come;"
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je-sus sounds o'er land and sea,

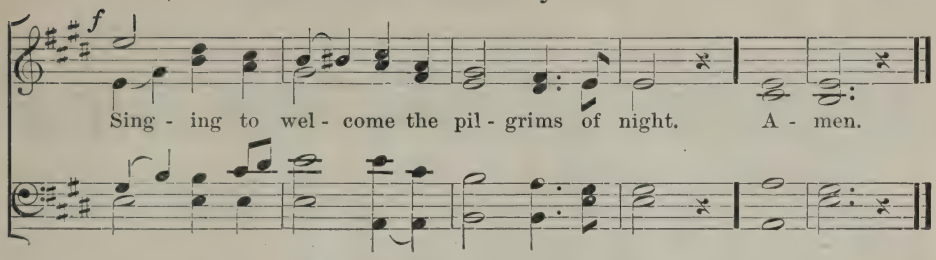
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweetly ring-ing,
And la-den souls, by thousands meekly stealing,

Chorus.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An-gels of Je-sus,
The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come The pil-grims of night.

Hark! Hark! my Soul.

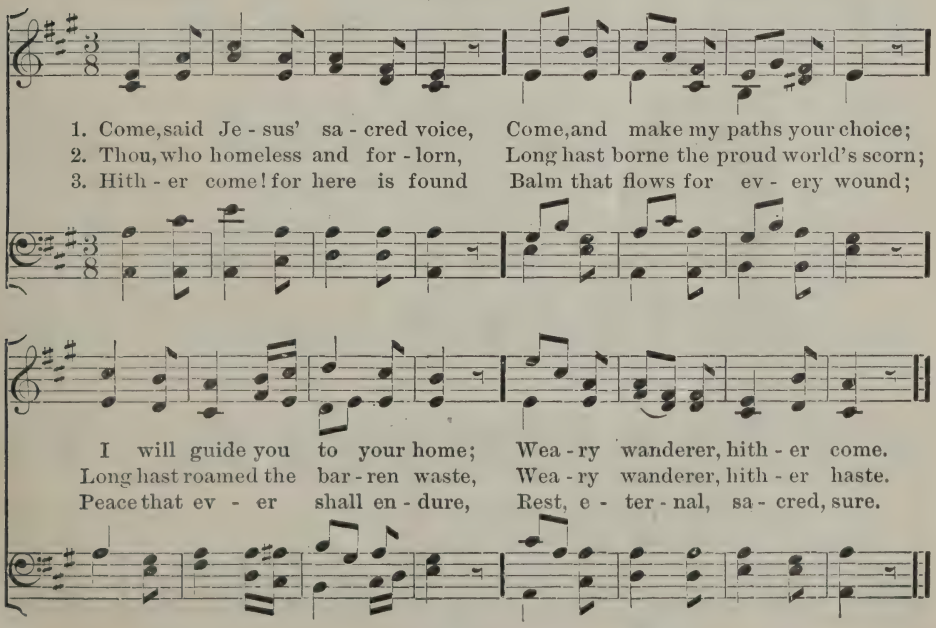


4 Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past,
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. REFRAIN.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. REFRAIN.

74 Come, said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

A. L. BARBAULD. (HORTON.) XAVIER SCHNYDER.



75 Why do You Wait?

C. J. F. "*Come unto me.*"—Isa. liii: 3. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Why do you wait? when all things are read - y, Read - y in Christ pro - vid - ed for you? Je - sus in - vites, O ten - der com - pas-sion, Urg - es, en - treats, what more can He do?
2. Why do you wait? the Spir - it is striv - ing, Can you re - sist, or dare you re - fuse? E - vil and good He plac - es be - fore you, Darkness and light, O which will you choose?
3. Why do you wait? now mer - cy im - plor - ing, Tells of the cross where Je - sus has died; Bids you look up, and by faith be - hold Him, Points to the blood that flowed from His side.
4. Why do you wait? sal - va - tion is earn - est, Life hur - ries on, then do not de - lay; What if this night your term of pro - ba - tion Close and your soul be hur - ried a - way?

CHORUS.

Come, come, trust in His Word, Come, come, trust in the Lord; Why do you

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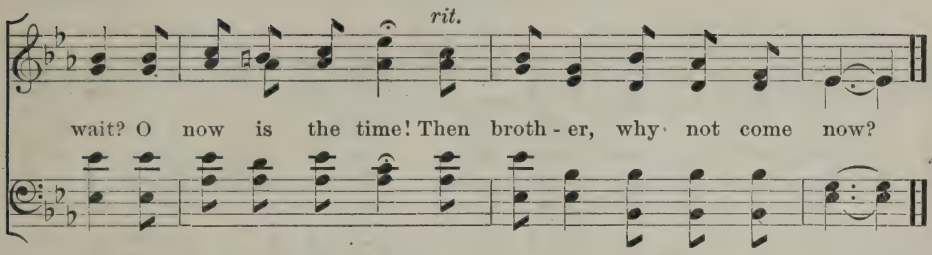
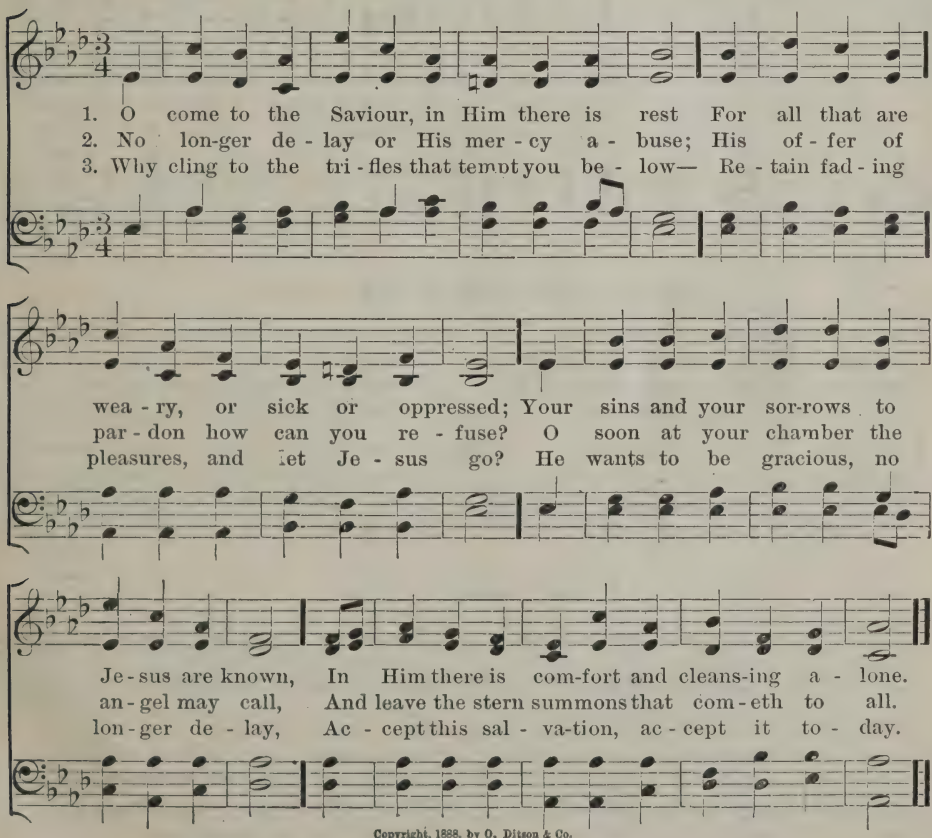
Why do You Wait?



76 O Come to the Saviour.

WM. STEVENSON. LOUIS HARLOW.



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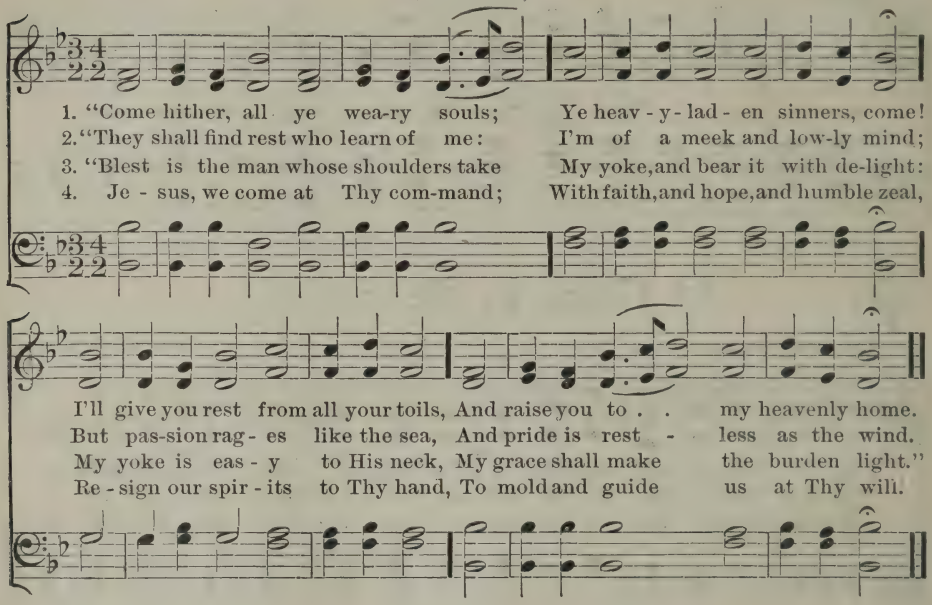
77 Come Hither, all ye Weary Souls.

(SESSIONS.) L. O. EMERSON.



78 Christ Knocking at the Door.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands:
Oh, matchless kindness!—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
Turn out thy soul en-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Oh, welcome Him, the Prince of Peace!
Now may His gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind.

79 Come, Weary Souls.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt,—a painful load,—
Oh, come and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes:
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Dear Saviour! let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove:
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

80 Room for Jesus.

Rev. T. J. Shelton. J. H. Tenney. By per.

1. Je - sus, I have room for Thee, In my hum - ble dwell - ing;
2. Room with - in my heart for Thee, Life's e - ter - nal foun - tain!
3. Room with - in my heart for Thee, Suf - f'rer in the gar - den!

Come to me a wel - come guest, All my sins ex - pell - ing.
Room for Christ who bore the cross Up to Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
If Thou bring Thy peace to me, If Thou seal my par - don.

Chorus.

Room for Thee, room for Thee, Pre - cious Lord and Sav - iour!

Come and seal me with Thy love, And be - stow Thy fa - vor.

81 When the Day of Life is Dawning.

T. Goadby. Henry Farmer.

1. When the day of life is dawning, Come, come to me;
2. Ere sin's taint - ed touch de - file thee, Come, come to me;
3. When the day of life is dawning, Come, come to me;

In the heart's fresh, ear - ly morn - ing, Come, come to me; While thine
Ere the world's false joys be - guile thee, Come, come to me; While the
In the heart's fresh, ear - ly morn - ing, Come, come to me; Ere earth's

eye with hope is beam - ing, While thy soul of heaven is dream - ing,
dew of youth is on thee, And no heav - y cares up - on thee,
sick - ly pleas - ure pall - eth, Ere one shade of sor - row fall - eth,

All.

And its light is round thee stream - ing, Come, come to me, to me.
Ere the tempter's power has won thee, Come, come to me, to me.
List to that sweet voice which call - eth, Come, come to me, to me.

82 I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

Arr. by L. O. Emerson.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down, Thy head up - on my breast:"
The liv - ing wa - ter! thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad:
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream:
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

cres.

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my journey's done.

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83 The Master hath Come.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. The Mas - ter hath come, and He calls us to fol - low
2. The Mas - ter hath called us; the road may be drear - y,
3. The Mas - ter has called us; tho' doubt and temp - ta - tion

The track of the foot - prints He leaves on our way;
And dan - gers and sor - rows be strewn on our track;
May com - pass our jour - ney, we cheer - ful - ly sing,

Far o - ver the moun - tain and through the deep hol - low,
But God's Ho - ly Spir - it shall com - fort the wea - ry,
Press on - ward, look up - ward" thro' much trib - u - la - tion

The path leads us on to the man - sions of day.
We fol - low the Sav - iour, and can - not turn back.
The chil - dren of Zi - on must fol - low their King.

The Master hath Come.

CHORUS.

Al - le - lu - ia we sing as we jour - ney a - long,

For God is our Light and our Strength and our song,

And we fol - low our Shep - herd with lov - ing eyes,

To the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - a - dise. A - men.

84 Art Thou Weary?

L. O. Emerson.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon-arch, That His brow a - dorns?—

mf

"Come to me," saith One," and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side!"
"Yea, a crown of ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns." A - men.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my portion here?—
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear!

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?—
Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,
Jordan past!

6 If I ask, Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?—
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "yes!"

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85 To-day the Saviour Calls.

Rev. S. F. Smith. L. O. Emerson.

1. To - day the Sav-iour calls: Ye wanderers come; O, ye be-night-ed
2. To - day the Sav-iour calls: Oh, hear Him now; With - in these sa-cred
3. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to its power: Oh, grieve Him not a -

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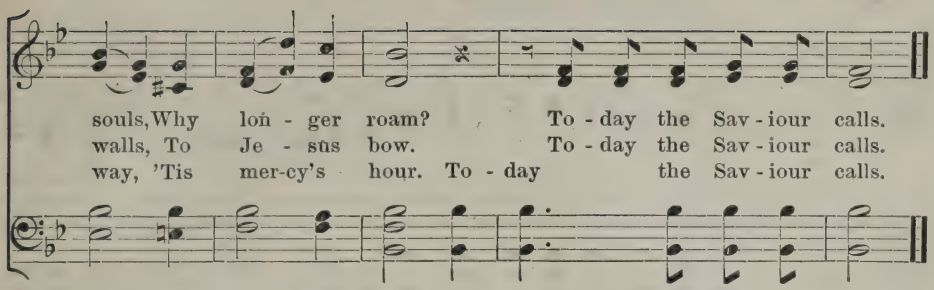
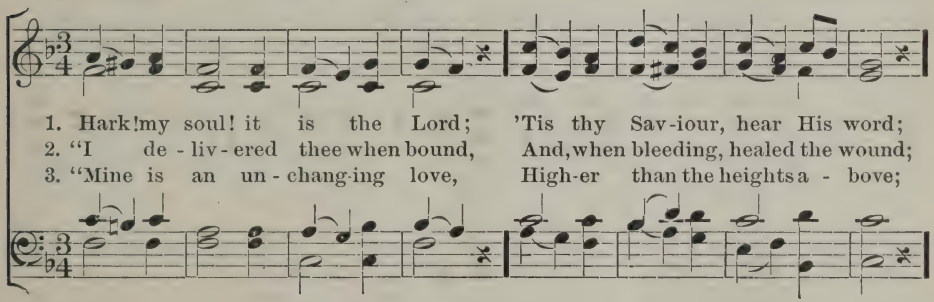
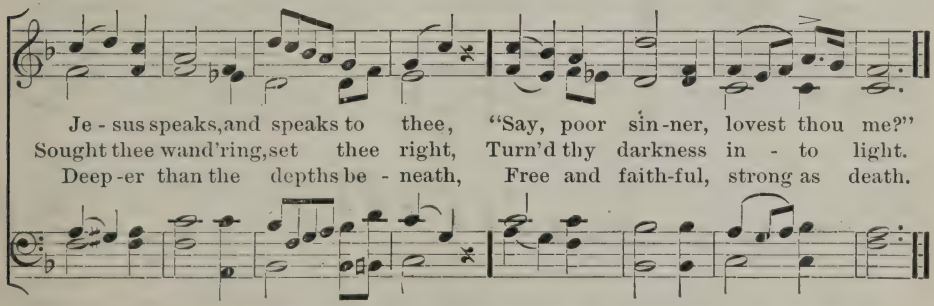


86 Hark, my Soul! It is the Lord.

(DULCIMER.)

WM. COWPER. L. O. EMERSON.





4 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner! lov'st thou me?"

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87 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Rev. W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known. In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief; And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r, And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless. And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my ev-ery care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r, I'll cast on Him my ev-ery care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I Thy con-so-la-tion share, Till, from Mount Pis-gah's lof-ty height, I view my home and take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize; And shout, while passing through the air, Fare-well, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r! And shout, while passing through the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

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88 . Lead us, Heavenly Father.

J. EDMESTON. Arr. by L. O. EMERSON.

1. Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea,
2. Sav-iour, breathe for-giv - ness o'er us, All our weakness Thou dost know;

Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
Thou didst tread this path be - fore us, Thou didst feel its keen - est woe;

Yet pos-sess - ing ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
Lone and drear - y, faint and wea - ry, Thro' the de - sert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending,
Till our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love, with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy

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89 Naomi.

Mrs. Steele. Dr. L. Mason.

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign hand de - nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - ery mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The blessings of Thy grace im - prat, And make me live to Thee;
Thy presence through my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour- ney's end."

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90 O Could I Find from Day to Day.

Benjamin Cleaveland. Harold H. Hosmer.

1. Oh! could I find, from day to day, A near - ness to my God,'
2. Lord, I de - sire with Thee to live A - new from day to day,
3. Blest Je - sus, come, and rule my heart, And make me whol- ly Thine,

Then would my hours glide sweet a - way While lean - ing on His word.
In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
That I may nev - er more de - part, Nor grieve Thy love di - vine.

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91 Faithful Shepherd, Feed me.

A. RANDEGGER.

Moderato.

1. Faith - ful Shep - herd, feed me In the past - ures green;
2. Dai - ly bring me near - er To the heaven - ly shore;
3. Give me joy and sad - ness, This be all my care,

Faith - ful Shep-herd, lead me Where Thy steps are seen.
May my faith grow clear - er, May I love Thee more.
That e - ter - nal glad - ness, I with Thee may share.

Hold me fást, and guide me In the nar - row way;
Hal - low ev - ery pleas - ure, Ev - ery gift and pain;
Day by day pre - pare me As Thou see - est best,

So with Thee be - side me, I shall nev - er stray.
Be Thy - self my treas ure, Tho' none else I gain.
Then let an - gels bear me To Thy prom - ised rest. A - men.

92 Saviour, Pilot Me.

(PILOT.)

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D.D. J. E. GOULD. By per.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D.C. Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C. Won-drous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
D.C. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D.C.

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

93 Father, Lead Me.

1 Father, lead me, day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

2 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

3 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

94 From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

(RETREAT)

Rev. HUGH STOWELS. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellow-ship with friend;

From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.
A place, then all be-sides, more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy - seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

95 Come, my Soul, thy Suit Prepare.

(SEYMOUR.)

JOHN NEWTON. WEBBER.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
2. Lord, I come to Thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast;

He Himself in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
There, Thy bloodbought right main-tain, And with - out a ri - val, reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew,
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die Thy people's death.

96 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Rev. Wm. Williams. (MERLO.) E.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je- hov - ah, Pil-grim through this bar - ren land:
2. O - pen Thou the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side;

I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty, Hold me with Thy power-ful hand:
Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through:
Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent! Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:

Bread of heaven, bread . . of heaven! Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liverer, strong . . De-liverer! Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of praises, songs . . of praises I will ev - er give to Thee.

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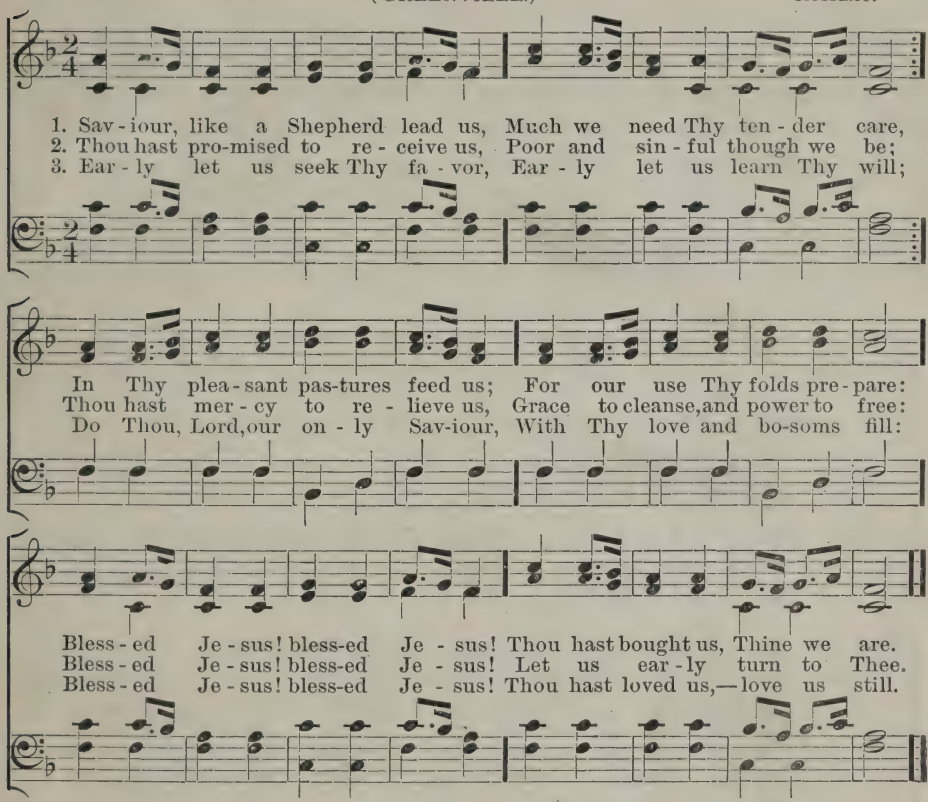
97 Keep us, Lord.

1 Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever!
Vain our hope, if left by Thee;
We are Thine; oh, leave us never,
Till Thy glorious face we see!
Then to praise Thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is Thy word of promise,
Precious to Thy people here;
Never take Thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May Thy name our spirits cheer.

98 Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.

(GREENVILLE.) ROSSEAU.



99 Heavenly Father.

1 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May they all Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee forever dear.
May they evermore be loving,
Patient, dutiful, and pure,
And in trial steadfast proving,
May their faith to death endure.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee:
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary,
In Thine arms and on Thy breast,
Through life's desert dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

C. WORDSWORTH, D. D.

100 Gently, Lord.

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Thro' this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on Thy bosom rest,
Till by angel hands attended,
We awake among the blest.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

101 Go when the Morning Shineth.

ELIZABETH U. EMERSON.

Moderato.

1. Go when the morn - ing shin - eth, Go when the noon is bright;
2. Re - mem - ber all who love thee, All who are loved by thee;
3. But if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In sol - i - tude to pray,
4. When - e'er thou pin'st in sick - ness Be - fore His footstool fall;

Go when the day de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be.
Should ho - ly thoughts come o'er thee, When friends are round the way—
Re - mem - ber in thy sad - ness, His love who gave thee all.

Go with pure heart and feel - ing, Cast earth - ly thoughts a - way,
Then for thy self in meek - ness, A bless - ing hum - bly claim;
E'en then, in si - lence breath - ing, The spir - it, raised a - bove,
Oh! not a joy or bless - ing, With this we can com - pare,

And in thy chamber kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
And link with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re - deem - er's Name.
Will reach the throne of glo - ry, Of mer - cy, truth, and love.
The power which He has giv - en T'ap - proach His throne in prayer.

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102 Lead, kindly Light.

Rev. J. H. Newman, D. D. 1833. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, Kindly Light, a-mid th' encirc-ling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone,

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of tears,
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

103 The White Dove.

ELISABETH U. EMERSON. By per.

Moderato.

1. There sitteth a Dove, so white and fair, Up - on a lil - y spray; . .
2. And downward she comes from heaven's gate And brings, that Dove so mild, . .

And she lis - tens, while to our Saviour dear The lit - tle chil-dren pray.
From the Fa-ther in heaven, who hears her speak, A grace for ev - ery child.

Light-ly she spreads her friend-ly wings, And speeds to heaven her way,
Children, lift up your pi - ous pray'rs, It hears what-e're you say,

And to the heav - en - ly Fa-ther bears The pray'rs which children say.
That ho - ly Dove, so white and fair That sits on the lil - y spray.

104 Arise, my Soul, Arise.

(LENOX.)

Rev. Chas Wesley. 1742. Edson.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guil-ty fears; The bleeding sac - ri - fice, In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore His throne my sure-ty stands, Be - fore His throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
2. The Fa-ther hears Him pray, His dear a - nointed One; He can-not turn a - way The presence of His Son; His Spir - it answers to the blood, His Spir - it answers to the blood, And tells me I'm a child of God.
3. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His child; I can no lon - ger fear; With con - fi-dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

105 Salvation.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
Cho.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood,
Through all the lands proclaim;
Cho. The year, etc.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
Cho. The year, etc.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
Cho. The year, etc.

Chas. Wesley. 1750.

106 See from Zion's Sacred Mountain.

T. KELLY. L. O. EMERSON.

1. See from Zi - on's sacred mountain, Streams of liv - ing wa-ter flow; God has
2. Thro'ten thousand channels flow-ing, Streams of mer - cy find their way: Life, and
3. Gladdened by the flow-ing treas-ure, All en - rich - ing as it goes, Lo! the

o - pened there a foun - tain That sup-plies the world be - low; They are
health, and joy be - stow - ing, Wak-ing beau - ty from de - cay; O ye
des - ert smiles with pleas-ure, Buds and blos - soms as the rose; Lo! the

bless - ed, They are bless - ed, Who its sov'reign virtues know.
na - tions! O ye na - tions! Hail the long ex-pect-ed day.
des - ert, Lo! the des - ert, Sings for joy where'er it flows. A - men.

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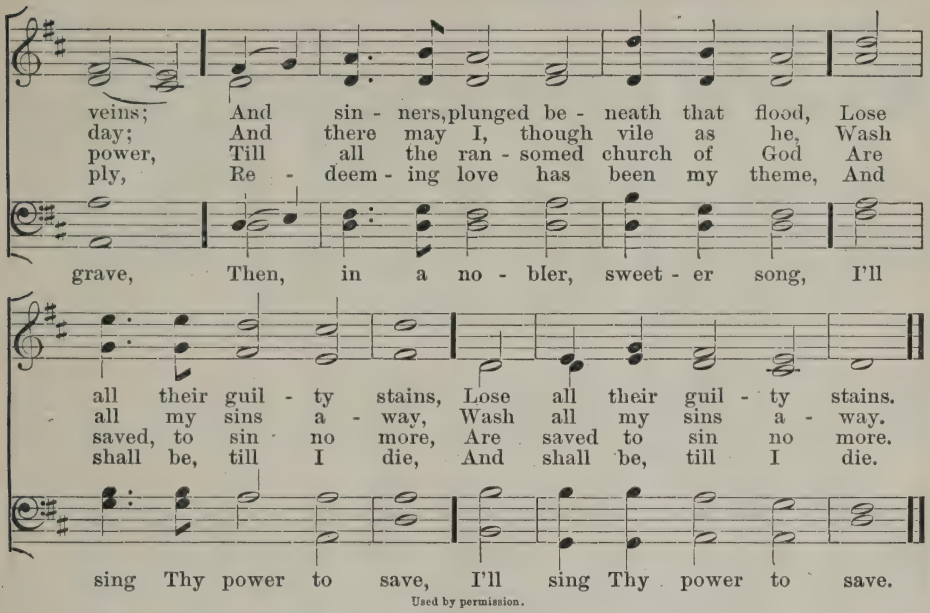
107 There is a Fountain filled with Blood.

WM. COWPER. (COWPER.) Dr. L. MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his
3. Dear, dy - ing Lamb! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its
4. Since first, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup -

5. And when this fee - ble stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the

There is a Fountain filled with Blood.



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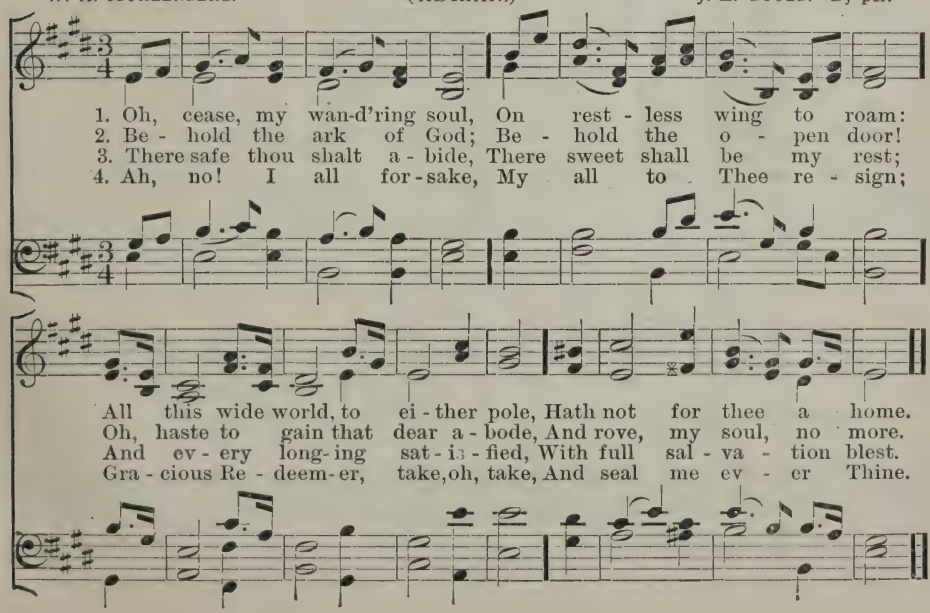
108 Oh, Cease, My Wandering Soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg. (ADRIAN.) J. E. Gould. By per.



109 River of Life.

Dr. H. Bonar. J. H. Tenney. By per.

1. Forth from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam,
2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far but near;

Bursts out the liv - ing Foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing Stream.
No harps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voic - es cease.
My soul to thy still wa - ters Hastes, in its thirst - ing here.

Chorus.

Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee;

Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.

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110 Rejoice and Be Glad.

Rev. H. Bonar — John J. Husband, 1796.

1. Re - joice and be glad! The Re-deem - er is come! Go look on His cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb. Sound His prais - es, tell the sto - ry Of Him who was - slain; He com - eth a - gain.
2. Re - joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de - part - ed, The shad - ows are past. Sound His prais - es, tell with gladness, (*Omit.* . . . . . .) He com - eth a - gain. A - men.
3. Re - joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed, Re - demption is fin - ished, The price hath been paid.

Chorus.

(*Omit in 7th verse.*) . . . .)

4 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree,
Sound His praises, etc.

5 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again!
Sound His praises, etc.

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For the King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.
Sound His praises, etc.

7 Rejoice and be glad!
For He cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
Sound His praises, etc.

111 Rock of Ages.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side that flowed,
All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and Thou a - lone!
When I soar to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy Throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Bock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

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112 Just as I am.

Charlott Elliott. (WOODWORTH.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,

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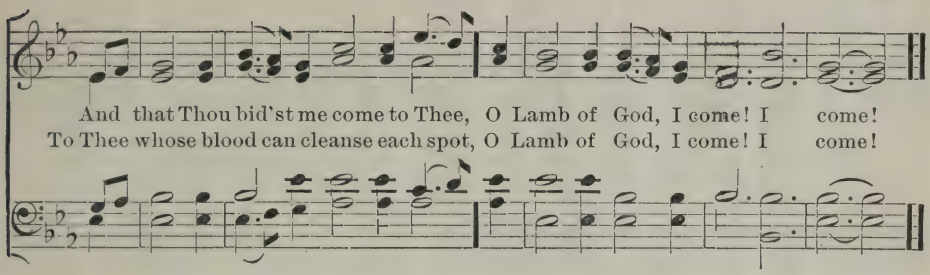
Just as I Am.

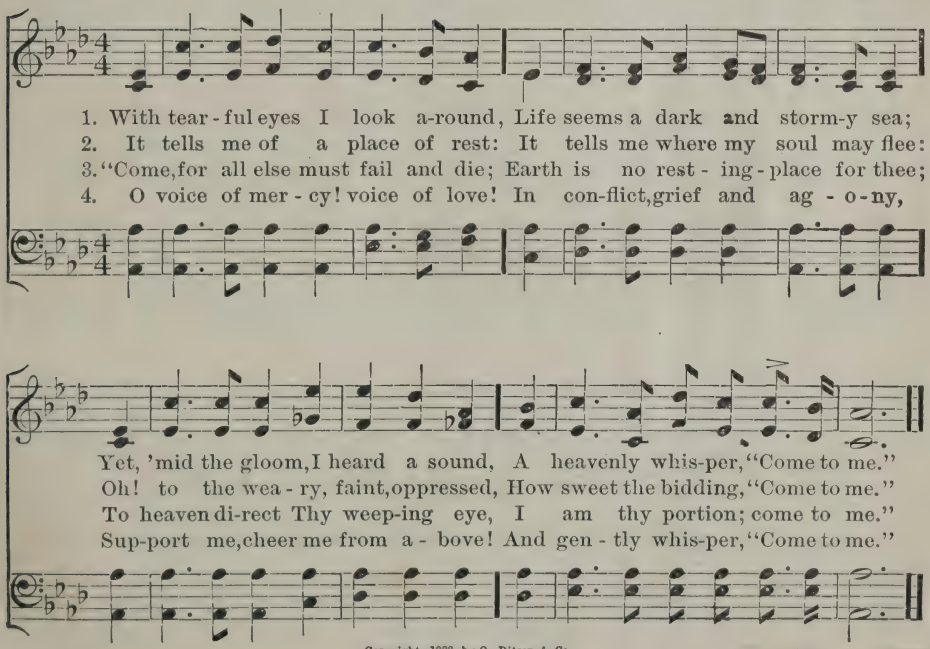


3 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am — Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down:
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

113 With Tearful Eyes I look Around.

L. O. E.



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114 I lay My Sins on Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR. E.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All ful - ness dwells in Him;
3. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine;
4. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load;
He heal - eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem;
His right hand me em - brac - es, I on His breast re - cline;
I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child;

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains,
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
I love the name of Je - sus, Im - man - uel, Christ, the Lord;
I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heav - enly throng,

White, in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
Like fra - grance on the breez - es, His name a - broad is poured.
To sing with saints His prais - es, And learn the an - gels' song.

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115 Take my Heart, O Father, Take it.

ELLOE.

Slow.

1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it! Make and keep it all Thine own:
2. Ev - er let Thy grace surround it; Strengthen it with pow'r di - vine

Let Thy spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.
Till Thy cord of love hath bound it; Make it to be whol - ly Thine.

Fa - ther, make it pure and low - ly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
May the blood of Je - sus heal it, And its sins be all for - given,

Slow.

Turn - ing from the paths un - ho - ly Of this vain and sin - ful life.
Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal it, Guide it in the path to heaven.

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116 Go Up, My Heart.

H. Bonar, D.D. Arr. by W. F. S.

1. Go up, go up, my heart, Dwell with thy God a - bove;
2. Let not thy love flow out To things so soiled and dim;

Fine.

For here thou canst not rest, Nor give out thy love.
Go up to heaven and God, Take thy love to Him.

Go up, go up, my heart, Be not a tri - fler here;
Waste not thy pre - sious store On crea - ture - love be - low;

D.C.

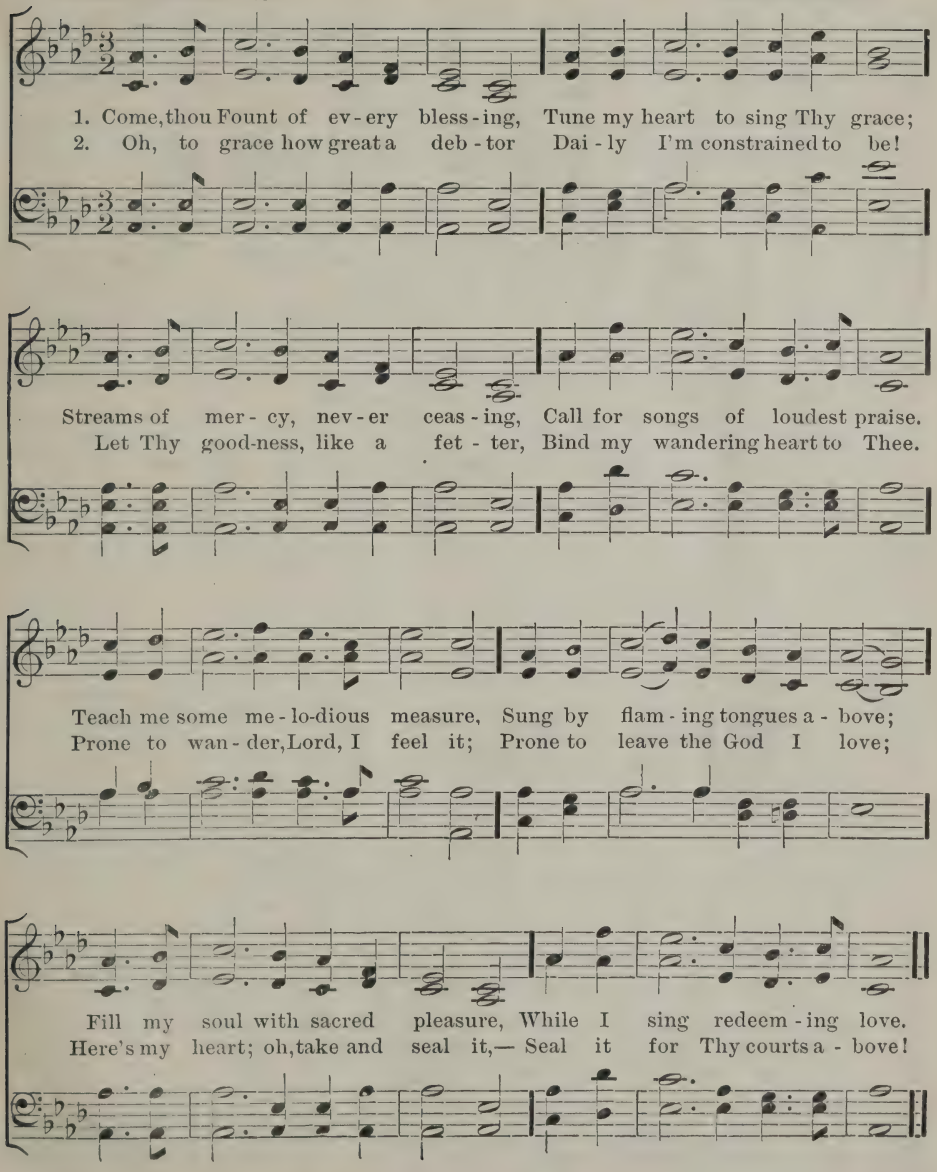
As - cend a - bove these clouds, Dwell in a high - er sphere.
To God that wealth be - longs, On Him that wealth be - stow.

From "Song Worship," by per.

117 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

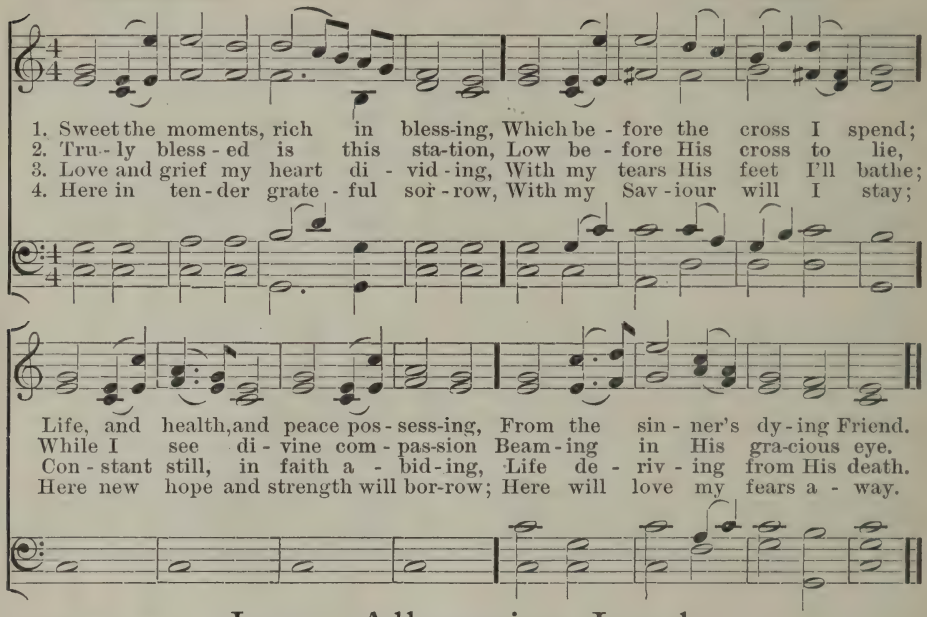
(AUTUMN.)

ROBERT ROBINSON. 1758. SPANISH MELODY.



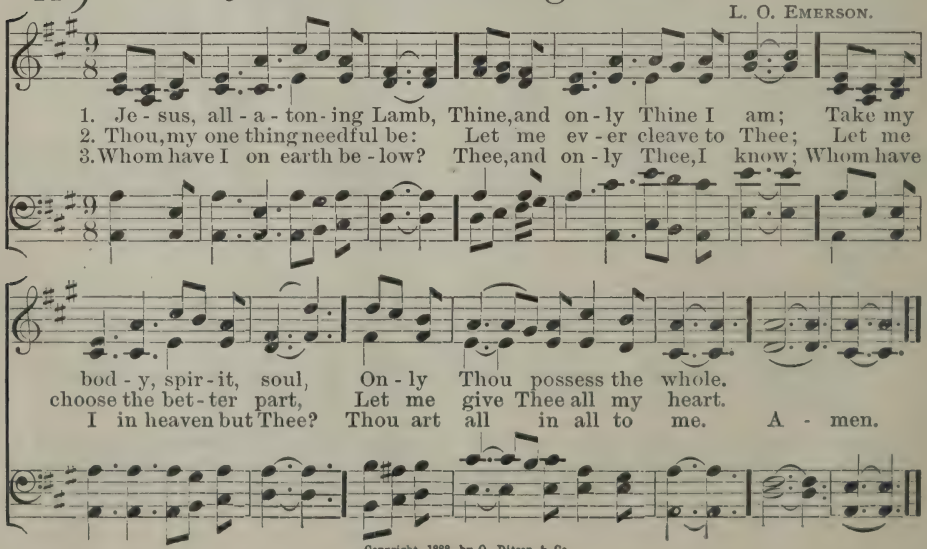
118 Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

WALTER SHIRLEY. GEO. KINGSLY. Arr.



119 Jesus, All-atoning Lamb.

L. O. EMERSON.



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120 I Hear a Sweet Voice Ringing.

MARIA S. RAGLAND.

May be sung as a solo.

1. I hear a sweet voice ring - ing clear, All is well!
2. In hap - py days I love to sing, All is well!
3. But then when dark - er days come on, All is well!
4. In morn - ing hours se - rene and bright, All is well!

It is my Fa - ther's voice I hear, All is well!
'Midst sound - ing songs I spread the wing, All is well!
I sigh that I am far from home, All is well!
In even - ing hours or darken-ing night, All is well!

Wher-e'er I walk that voice is heard: It is my God's, my
I burst from out my pris - on bars, Nor fear nor hate my
Then, like a dove far from her nest, I mourn to be for-
And when at last my hour shall come, And I on earth shall

Fa-ther's word: Fear not, but trust, I am the Lord: All is well!
transport mars, I soar and sing be - yond the stars, All is well!
ve - er blest; I know there is a land of rest; All is well!
cease to roam, Oh, let me sing as I go home, All is well!

121 Trusting in Jesus.

WM. STEVENSON. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Trust-ing in Je - sus! Though foes may as - sail, Our Help-er is
2. Trust-ing in Je - sus! Our souls are se - cure, His arm is al -
3. Trust-ing in Je - sus! New strength we ob - tain His foes to re -

migh - ty, His arm shall pre - vail; The wea - ry and burdened, the
migh - ty, His mer - cies are sure; The weak-est be - liev - er fresh
sist and His cause to main - tain; Still strong to de - liv - er, al -

sick and op - pressed, In Je - sus may find bless-ed heal-ing and rest.
cour-age may take, Who trust in His prom-ise He'll nev - er for - sake.
migh - ty to save, The vic-tory He'll give o - ver sin and the grave.

CHORUS.

Trust-ing in Je - sus! Still on-ward we press, As - sured of His

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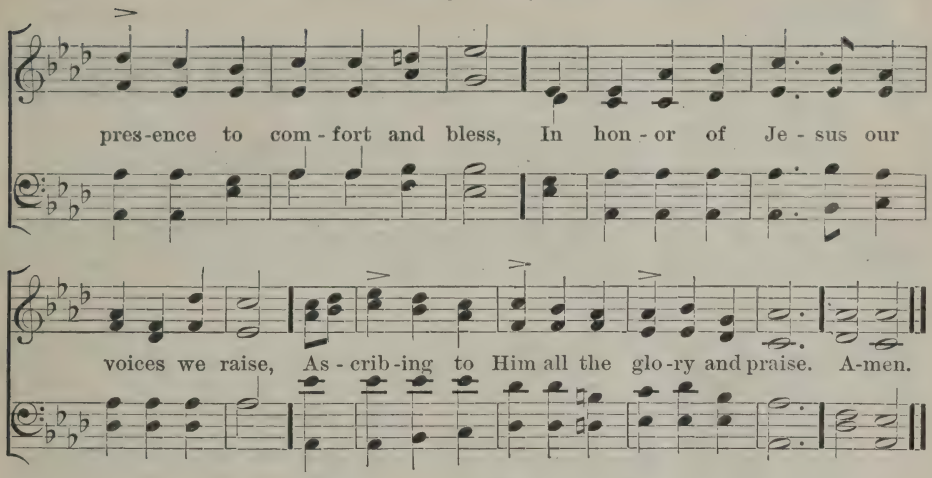
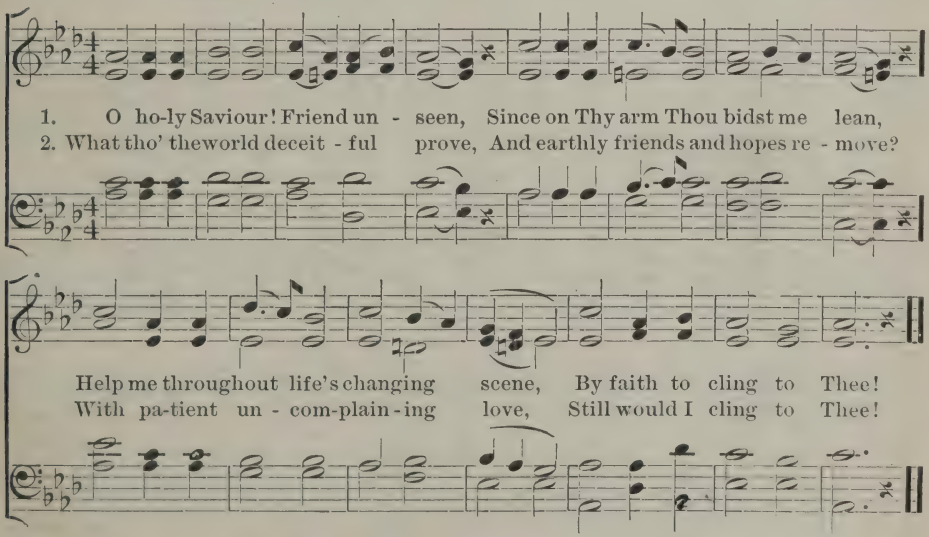
Trusting in Jesus.



122 O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. FLEMMING.



3 If e'er I seem to tread alone
Life's weary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 If faith and hope are often tried,
I'll ask not, need not, aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

123 Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace in Thee I found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me:
Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.

CHORUS.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring:
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - righteous-ness:
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
False and full of sin I am: Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart: Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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124 Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

(MARTYN.)

MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly; }
{ While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

D.C. Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

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125 I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee,
2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy great and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all. A - men.

126 We Come in Childhood's Innocence.

THOMAS GRAY, Jr. A. RANDEGGER.

1. We come in childhood's in - no-cence, We come as chil-dren free; . .
2. We come not as the migh-ty come; Not as the proud we bow; . .

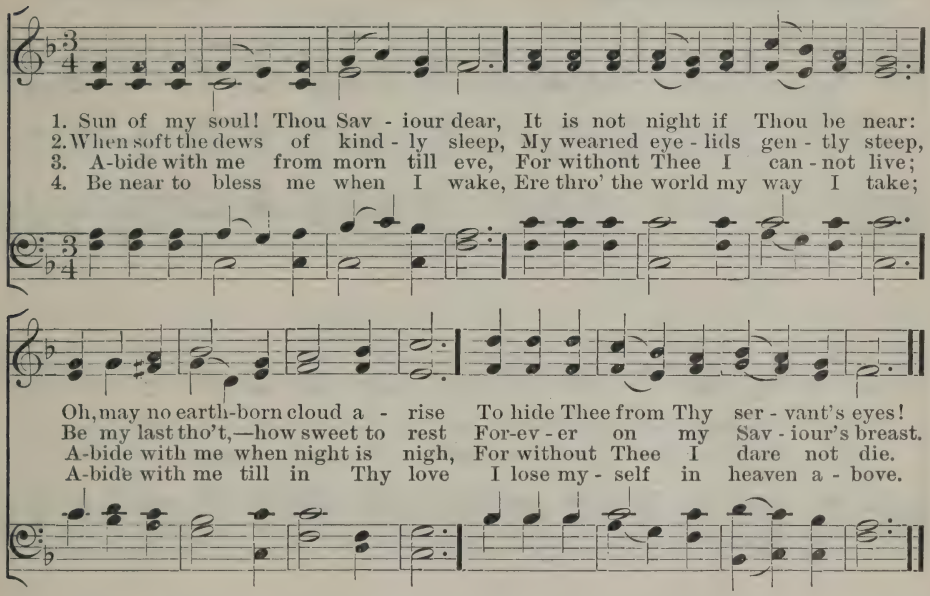
We of - fer up, O God, our hearts In trust-ing love to Thee.
But as the pure in heart should find, Seek we Thine al - tar now.

Well may we thirst with sa - cred joy Of Thy bright courts a - bove!
In joy we wake, in peace we sleep, Safe from all dread a - larms;

Well may the grate-ful child re - joice In such a Fa - ther's love!
Not fold - ed in an an-gel's wing, But in a Fa - ther's arms.

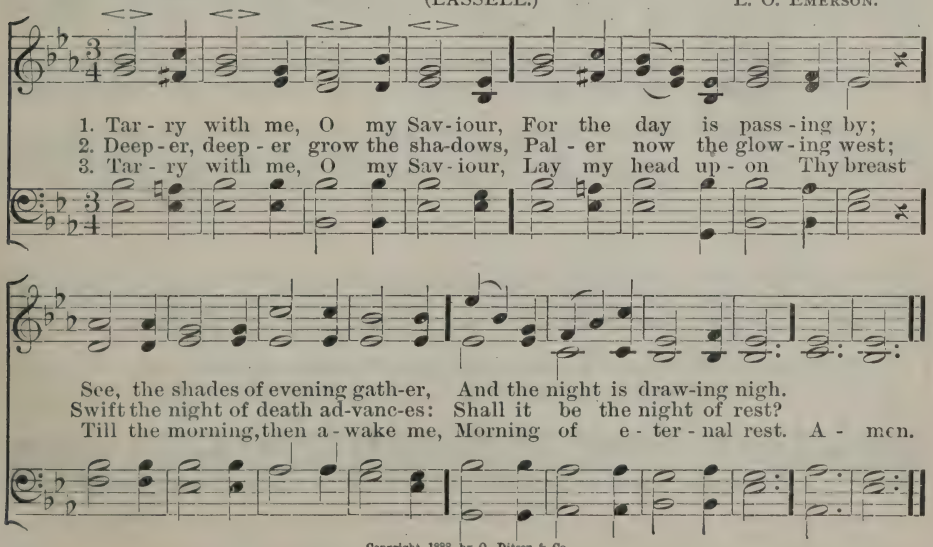
127 Sun of my Soul.

Rev. John Keble. (HURSLEY. L. M.) Adapted from Haydn, by W. H. Monk.



128 Tarry with me, O my Saviour.

(LASSELL.) L. O. Emerson.



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129 We will Follow Jesus.

SOLO, OR ALL FEMALE VOICES.

CHORUS.

1. "Fol-low me," the Mas-ter said, We will fol-low Je-sus;
2. Ev-er keep the end in view, We will fol-low Je-sus;

CHORUS.

By His word and Spir-it led, We will fol-low Je-sus;
All His prom-is-es are true, We will fol-low Je-sus;

In our dai-ly round of care, As we raise to God our prayer,
When this earth-ly course is run, And the Mas-ter says, "Well done."

With the cross which we must bear, We will fol-low Je-sus.
Life e-ter-nal we have won, We will fol-low Je-sus.

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130 Day by Day The Manna Fell.

Rev. Josiah Conder. Owen Holworthy.

1. Day by day, the man - na fell; Oh, to learn this les - son well!
2. Lord, our times are in Thy hand; All our sanguine hopes have plann'd

Still by con - stant mer - cy fed, Give me, Lord! my dai - ly bread.
To Thy wis - dom we re - sign, And would mould our wills to Thine.

"Day by day" the prom - ise reads, Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs;
Thou our dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee we live;

Cast fore - bod - ing fears a - way, Take the man - na of to - day.
So shall add - ed years ful - fil Not our own, our Fa - ther's will. A - men.

131 Still, Still with Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. ELIZABETH U. EMERSON. By per.

Andante.

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning break-eth, When the bird wak - eth,
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mystic shad - ows, The solemn hush of
3. As in the dawn - ing o'er the waveless o - cean, The image of the

and the shadows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, lovelier than the day - light,
nature new-ly born; A - lone with Thee in breathless ad - o - ra - tion,
morning star doth rest; So in this still - ness, Thou beholdest on - ly

Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee, I am with Thee.
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn, Freshness of the morn.
Thine image in the waters of my breast, Waters of my breast.

Still, Still with Thee.

4 Still, still to Thee! as to each new born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

5 When sinks the soul subdued by toil and slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

6 So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour fairer than daylight dawning
Shall rise the glorious thought,— I am with Thee, I am with Thee!

132 My Faith Looks up to Thee.

(OLIVET.)

Dr. Ray Palmer. L. Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire! Ast Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee, Pure, warm, and change-less be,— A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re - move; Oh bear me safe a-bove,— A ran somed soul!

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133 There is a Green Hill far Away.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. In part from Gounod. L. O. Emerson.

Andante.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all;
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood,

cres.

We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
Thus was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;

But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.

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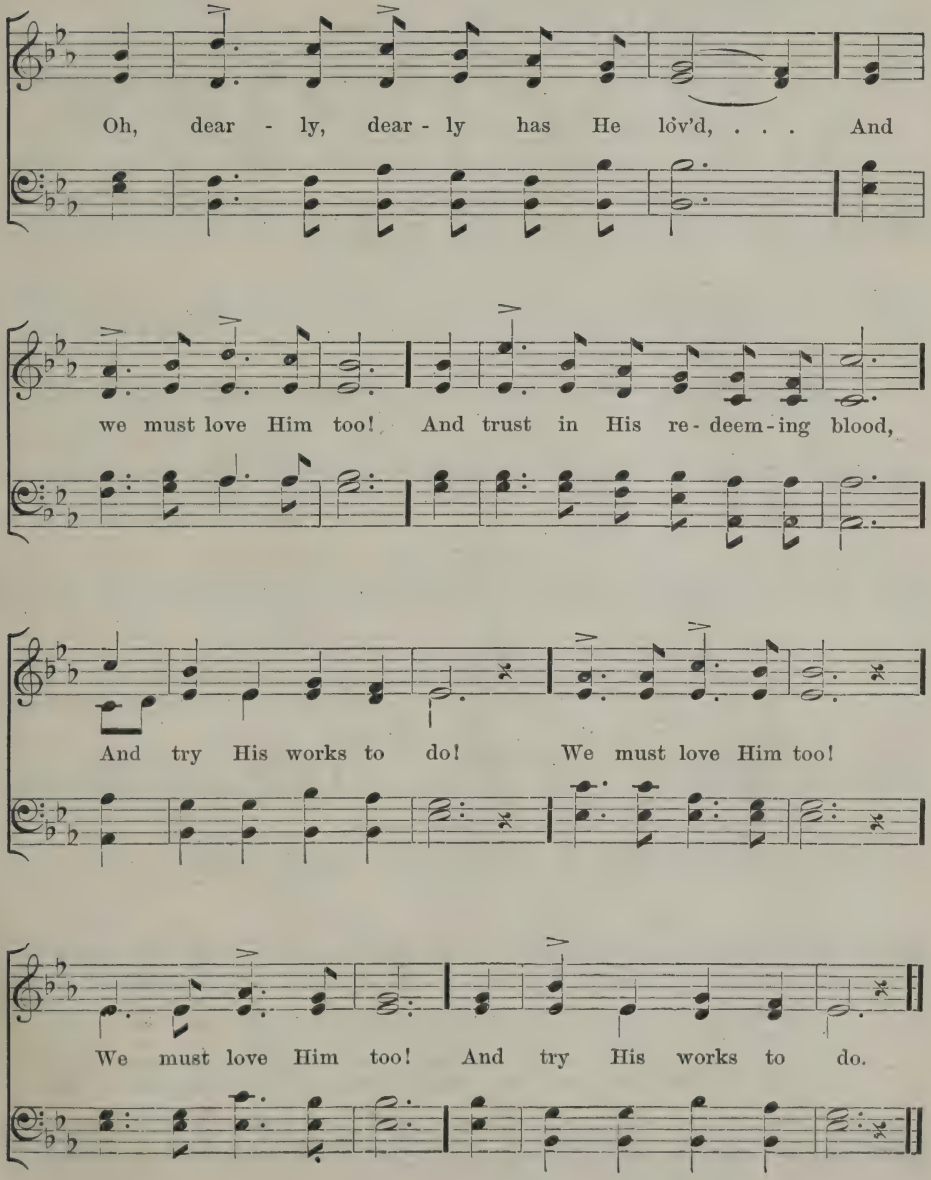
There is a Green Hill far Away.



134 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

JANE E. LEESON and J. WHITMORE. PHILIP PEVERIL.

1. Je - sus Christ, our Sav-iour, Once for us a child, In Thy whole be-
2. For all Thou be - stow - est, All Thou dost withhold, What - so - e'er Thou
3. Let Thine an - gels guide us, Let Thine arms en - fold; In Thy bos - om

hav - ior, Meek, o - bedient, mild; In Thy footsteps treading, We Thy lambs would
knowest Best for us, Thy fold; For all gifts and grac - es While we live be -
hide us, Sheltered from the cold; To Thy-self us gath-er, 'Mid the ransomed

be, Foe nor dan - ger dread-ing, While we fol - low Thee.
low, Till in heavenly plac - es We Thy face shall know.
host, Prais-ing Thee, the Fa - ther, And the Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

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135 Looking Upward Every Day.

M. BUTLER. R. A.

1. Look - ing up - ward ev - 'ry day, Sun-shine on our fac - es;
2. Grow - ing ev - 'ry day in grace, Striv - ing to be ho - ly;
3. Walk - ing ev - 'ry day more close, To our Eld - er Broth - er;
4. Lord, so pray we ev - 'ry day, Hear us in Thy pit - y,

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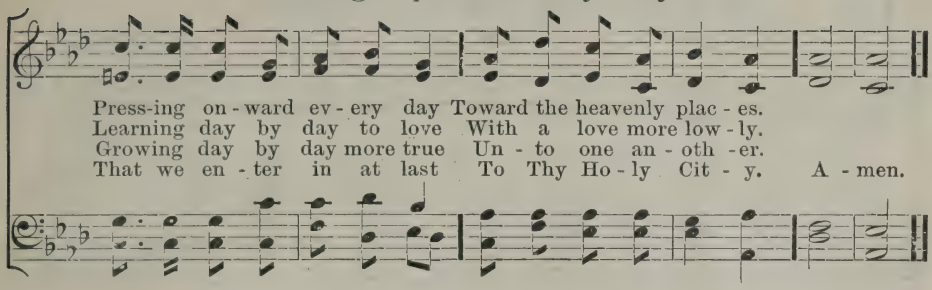
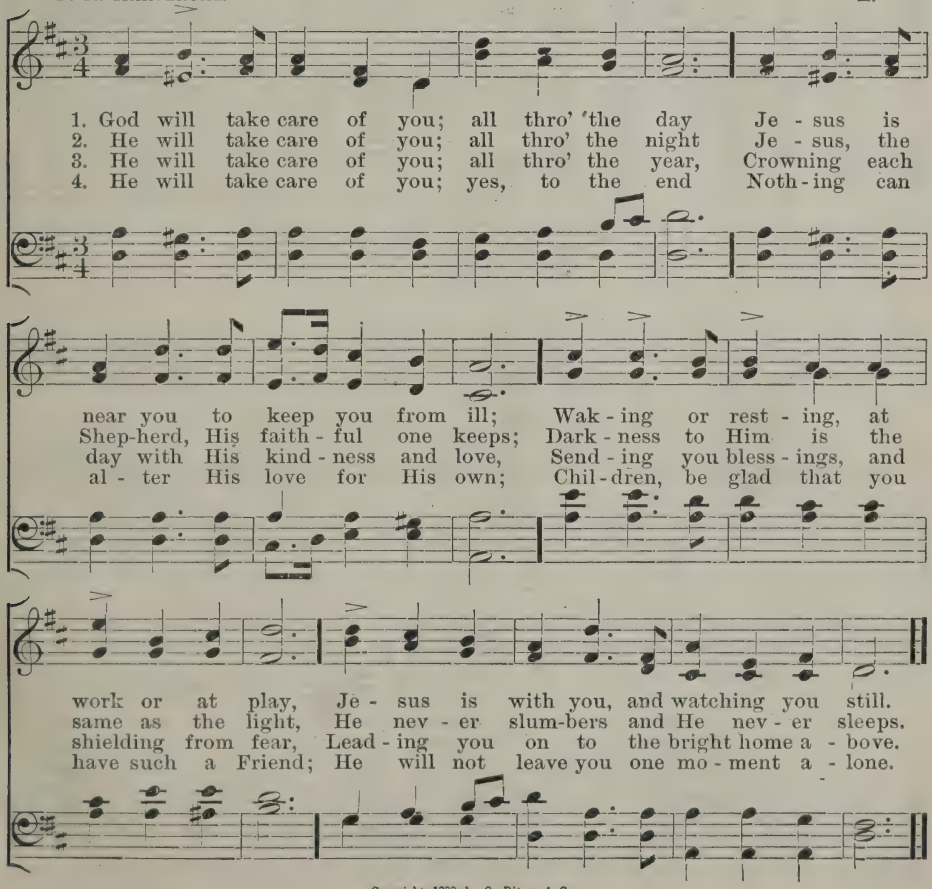
Looking Upward Every Day.



136 God will take Care of You.

F. R. Harvergal. E.



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137 How Gentle God's Commands!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (BOYLSTON.) LOWELL MASON.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell!
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un-changed from day to day;

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That hand which bears cre - a - tion up Shall guard His chil - dren well.
Haste to your heaven-ly Fa-ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

138 My Spirit on Thy Care.

(GOLDEN HILL.)

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE. 1834. A. DAVISSON.

1. My Spir - it on Thy care Blest Sav - iour, I re - cline;
2. In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calm - ly rest;
3. What - e'er e - vents be - tide, Thy will they all per - form;
4. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me;

Thou wilt not leave me to de - spair, For Thou art Love Di - vine.
I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com - ing storm.
Se - cure of hav - ing Thee in all, Of hav - ing all in Thee.

139 Hail! Sweetest, Dearest Tie that Binds.

Arranged by L. O. Emerson.

1. Hail! sweetest, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one;
2. From East-ern shores, from Northern lands, From Western hills and plain,
3. No hope deferred, no part-ing sigh, That bless-ed meet-ing knows;

Hail! sa-cred hope, that tunes our minds To sing what God has done.
From Southern climes, the heathern bands May hope to meet a-gain.
There friendship beams from ev-ery eye, And hope im-mor-tal grows;

It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which gos-pel grace hath given;
It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which love di-vine hath given;
It is the hope, the pre-cious hope, Which bound-less grace hath given;

The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.
The hope, when life and time are o'er, We all shall meet in heaven.
The hope, when time shall be no more, We all shall meet in heaven.

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140 Praise we Bring, O Blessed Saviour.

WM. STEVENSON. ELIZABETH U. EMERSON.

Joyfully.

1. Praise we bring, O bless - ed Sav-iour, Ev - ery good to Thee we owe;
2. Be our strength in time of weakness, Help us still to watch and pray;
3. Here, where lov-ing hearts are blend-ing In a fel - low - ship di - vine,

Still we ask Thy gra - cious fa - vor, Source from whence all blessings flow.
In the hour of gloom and sad - ness Be Thou still our hope and stay.
Sav - iour, come, in power de - scend-ing, Make and seal us ev - er Thine.

CHORUS.

Lord, we wait for Thine ap - pear - ing, Cleanse and keep each wait - ing

heart, Till in heaven Thy face re - veal - ing, We be-hold Thee as Thou art.

141 How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight.

J. SWAIN. (MANOAH.) HAYDN.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part!
3. Let love, in one de-light-ful stream, Through ev-ery bos-om flow,
4. Love is the gold-en chord that binds The hap-py souls a-bove;

In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And so ful-fil His word!
When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart!
And un-ion sweet, and dear es-teem In ev-ery ac-tion glow.
And he's an heir of heaven who finds His bos-om glow with love.

142 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

T. DODDRIDGE, D.D. (DENNIS. S. M.) Arr. by Dr. MASON.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent prayers;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And of-ten for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

143 My God, My Father, While I Stray.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
2. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved no lon-ger nigh;
3. Re-new my will from day to day, Blend it with Thine, and take a-way

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!"
Sub-mis-sive still I would re-ply, "Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!"
All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!"

Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and murmur not,
If Thou should'st call me to re-sign What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
Let but my faint-ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir-it for its guest,

But breathe the prayer divinely taught, "Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!"
I on-ly yield Thee what was Thine: "Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest; "Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!" A-men.

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144 Happy Band of Pilgrims.

(HOPE.)

From VOICES OF PRAISE, by per.

1. O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread,
2. The cross that Je - sus car - ried, Was car - ried as your due;
3. What are they but His jew - els Of right ce - les - tial worth?

With Je - sus as your fel - low To Je - sus as your Head;
The crown that Je - sus wear - eth He wear - eth it for you.
What are they but the lad - der Set up to heaven on earth?

O hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men;
The tri - als that be - set you, The sor - rows ye en - dure,
O hap - py band of pil - grims, Look up - ward to the skies,

O hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hungered then.
The man - i - fold temp - ta - tions, That death a - lone can cure;
Where such a light af - flict - ion Shall win so great a prize. A-men.

145 How Firm a Foundation.

KNOX. (PORTUGUESE HYMN.) PORTUGUESE, about 1800.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed; For I am thy

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

you He hath said, Who un - to the Sav - iour for re - fuge have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, om - ni - po - tent

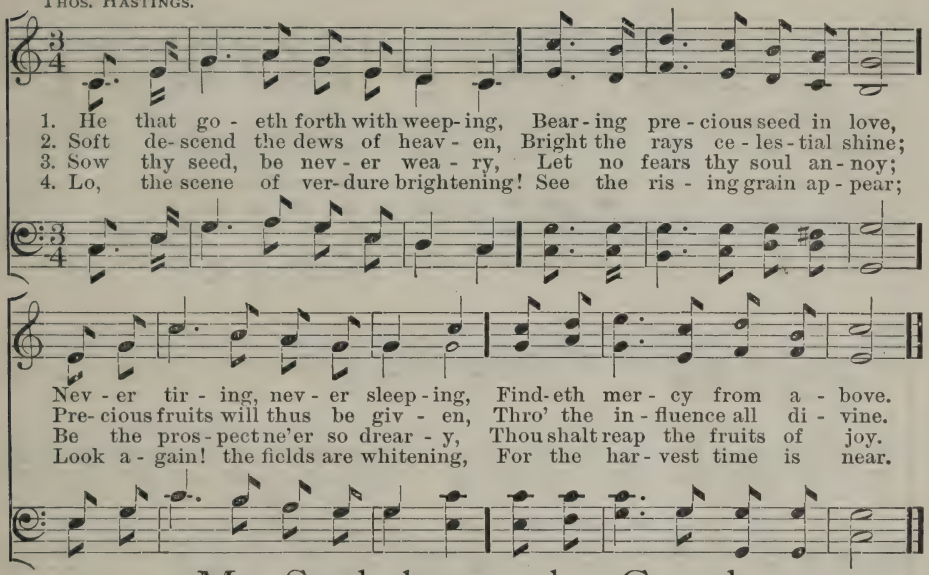
fled?— Who un - to the Sav - iour for ref - uge have fled?
hand, Up - held by my righteous, om - ni - po - tent hand. A - men.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!"

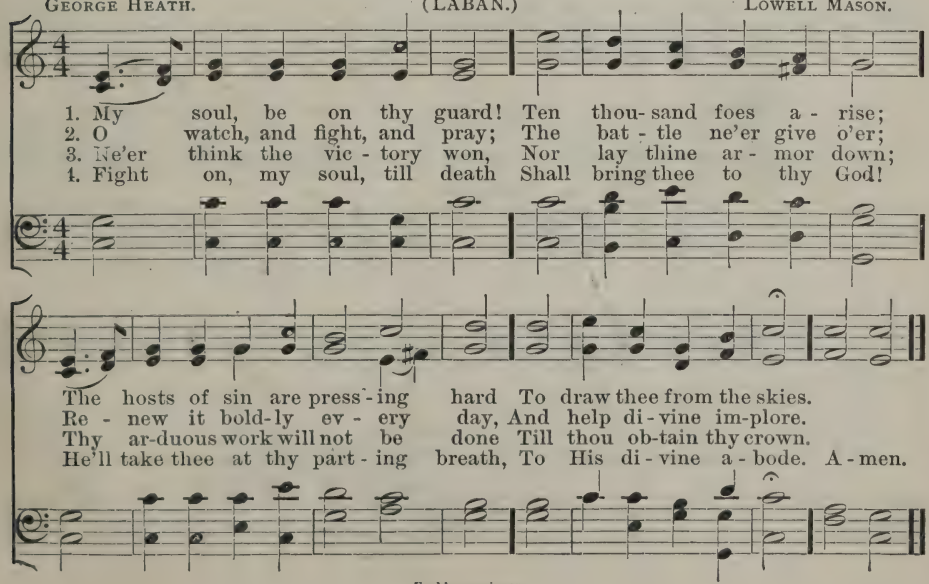
146 He that Goeth Forth with Weeping.

THOS. HASTINGS.



147 My Soul, be on thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. (LABAN.) LOWELL MASON.



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148 Have ye Looked for My Sheep?

HENRY FARMER.

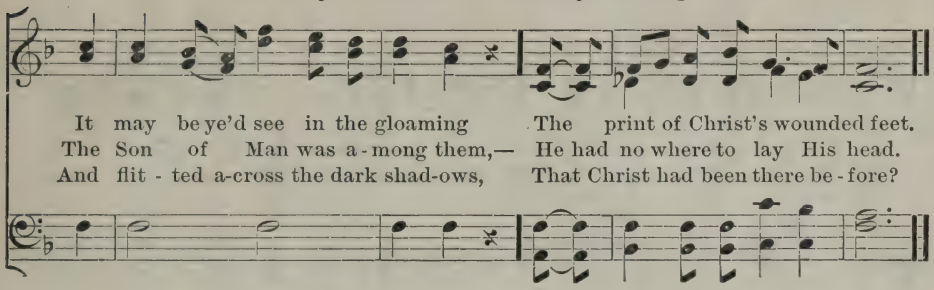
1. Have ye looked for my sheep in the des-ert,— For those who have missed their way?
2. Have you fold - ed close to your bos - om The trembling, neglect-ed lamb,
3. Have ye stood by the sad and the wea - ry, To watch o'er the couch of death

Have ye been in the wild waste plac - es Where the lost and the wand'ring stray?
And taught to the lit - tle wanderer The sweet sound of the Shepherd's name?
To comfort the sor - row strick-en, And to strengthen the fee - ble faith?

Have ye trod-den the wea - ry high - way, The foul and dark-some street?
Have ye searched for the poor and need - y, With no cloth - ing, no home, no bread?
And have ye ne'er felt when the glo - ry Hath streamed thro' the o - pen door,

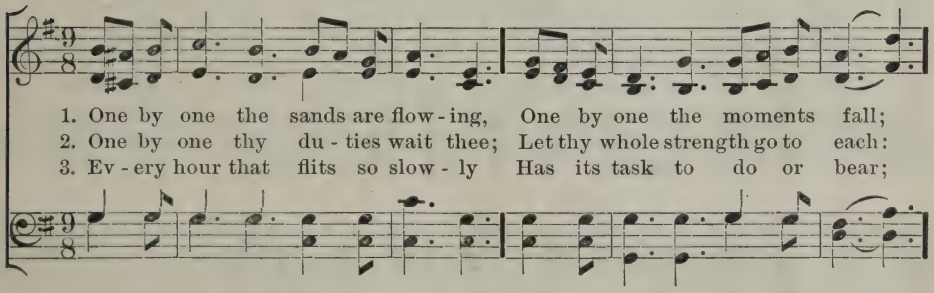
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming The print of Christ's wounded feet,—
The Son of Man was a - mong them,— He had no-where to lay His head,
And flit - ted a-cross the dark shadows, That Christ had been there be - fore?

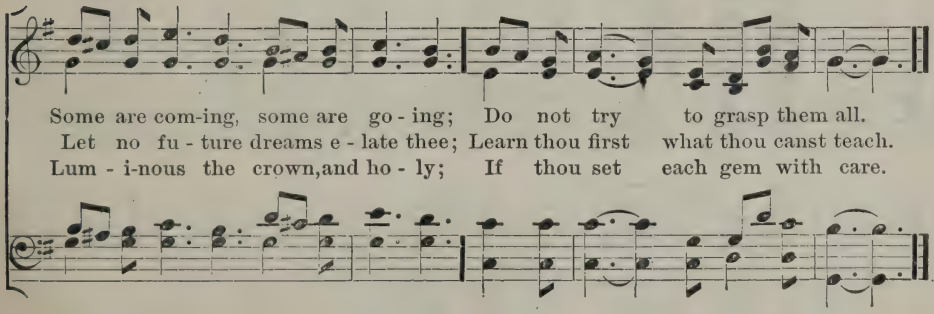
Have ye Looked for My Sheep?



149 One by One the Sands are Flowing.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.





4 Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching heaven one by one;
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

150 Work, for the Night is Coming.

S. Dyer. Rev. C. J. Dickinson.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid the spring-ing flowers;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest com - eth sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for the day - light flies;

Work when the day grows bright - er; Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark-ening, When man's work is o'er. A - men.

151 Jesus is Mine.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

W. H. DOANE. By per.

Legato.

1. Now I have found a Friend, Je - sus is mine; Whose love shall nev - er end, Je - sus is mine. Tho' earth - ly joys de - crease, Tho' human friendship cease, Now I have last-ing peace; Je - sus is mine.

2. Tho' I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; He will my faith up - hold; Je - sus is mine. He shall my wants sup - ply; His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope destroy, Je - sus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In that great judgment-day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
Jesus is mine.

152 What a Friend we have in Jesus.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. Karl Reden. By per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - couraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do our friends despise, for - sake us? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield us, We shall find a sol - ace there.

153 There's no other Friend like Jesus.

BUCKLAND. L. O. E.

1. There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus, None so faith-ful, none so true;
2. There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus, He who died our souls to save;
3. There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus, Ho - ly an - gels, chant the song;

Tho' the waves break wild-ly o'er us, He will guide us safe - ly through;
He who dwelt on earth in meekness, Healed, and pit - ied, and for - gave.
Sing His love and wondrous mer - cy; Children, join the heav-erly throng.

Storms and tempests shrink be - fore Him, He can calm them at His will:
Still He pit - ies, still He loves us, In His ho - ly, hap - py home,
Raise the joy - ful, hap - py cho - rus, Thank Him for His lov - ing grace,

Je -sus, calm our stormy passions With Thy wondrous "Peace, be still."
And with voice of gracious mer - cy, Bids the wandering sinner, come.
Let it be your hap-py por-tion To proclaim the Saviour's praise. A - men.

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154 Dear Book of Life.

"My tongue shall speak of thy word."—Ps. cxix: 172.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. No book like the Bi - ble, in-spired from a - bove, No book like the Bi - ble, God's mes - sage of love; Its pa - ges of wis - dom, how brightly they shine, Its truth is e - ter - nal, its language di - vine.
2. No book like the Bi - ble, with com - fort re - plete, Each soul-cheer-ing prom - ise, how pre - cious and sweet; It tells of a Sav-iour, and shows us the way, To realms that are fade-less and brighter than day.
3. O help us, dear Fa - ther, to walk in its light, That keeps us from e - vil, and leads us a - right; To treas - ure the wis - dom its pa - ges un - fold, A wis-dom more precious than sil - ver or gold.

CHORUS.

Dear Book of Life, We cling to thee, Our guide, our Dear Book of Life, We cling to thee, Our guide, our

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Dear Book of Life.

chart, on life's dark sea; Dear Book of Life, that

chart, on life's dark sea; Dear Book of Life,

God has giv'n, Our hope on earth, our joy in heav'n.

that God has giv'n,

155 How Precious is the Book Divine.

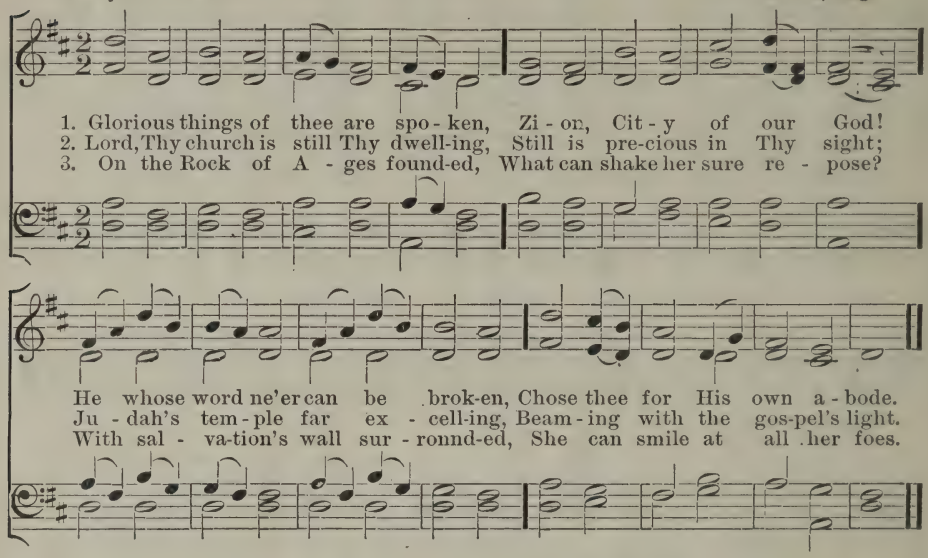
A. B. WHEATLAND.

1. How precious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given!
2. O'er all the strait and narrow way Its rad-iant beams are cast;
3. It sweet - ly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears;
4. This lamp, thro' all the te-dious night Of life, shall guide our way,

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
A light whose nev - er wea - ry ray Grows brightest at the last.
Life, light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our ris - ing fears.
Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

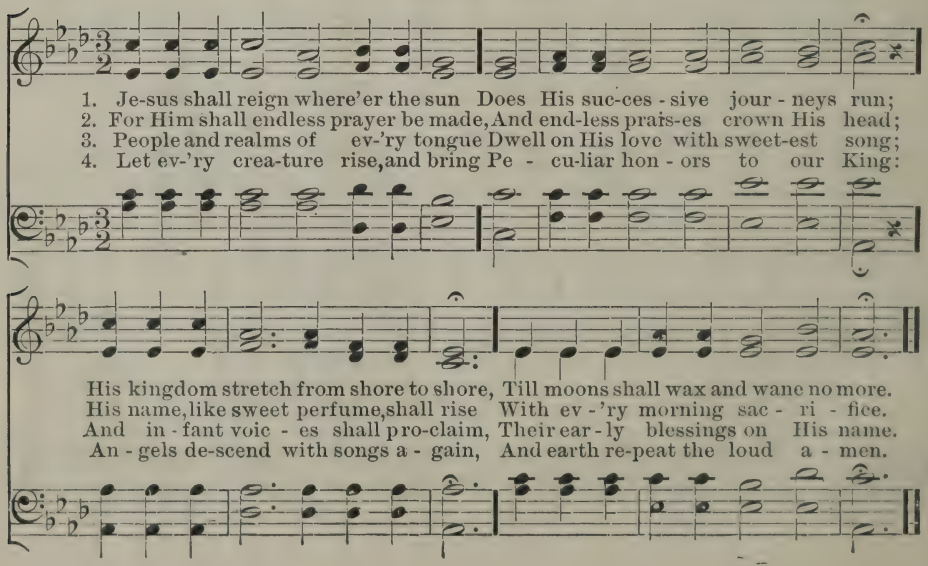
156 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. Dr. CAMIDGE, Eng.



157 Jesus shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

(MISSIONARY CHANT.) CHAS. ZEUNER.



158 Hail to the Brightness.

ELIZABETH U. EMERSON.

Joyfully.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourning;
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Is - rael fore-told; Hail to the mill - ions from bond-age re - turn - ing;
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are springing, Streams ev-er glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun-tains sweet ech - oes are ring - ing,
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com-mo - tion,

REFRAIN.

Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning, Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain. A - men.

Gen - tile and Jew the blest vi - sion be - hold.
Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
Shouts of Sal - va - tion are rend - ing the skies.

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159 On our Way Rejoicing.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell. F. R. Havergal.

1. On our way re - joic - ing, as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es,
2. If with honest-heart - ed love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us
3. On our way re - joic - ing glad - ly let us go; Conquered hath our Leader,
4. Un - to God the Fa - ther joy - ful songs we sing; Un - to God the Sav - iour

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can-not be!
do - ing what we can, Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large in - crease,
vanquished is our foe! Christ without, our safe - ty, Christ with-in, our joy;
thankful hearts we bring; Un - to God the Spir - it bow we and a - dore,

Chorus

Is our sky be - clouded? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re - joic - ing,
Crown the head with bless-ings, fill the heart with peace.
Who, if we be faith - ful, can our hope de - stroy?
On our way re - joic - ing now and ev - er - more!

as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love. A-men.

160 The Morning Light is Breaking.

(WEBB.)

Rev. S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears,
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle shower,

:S: Fine.

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
D.S. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are op - 'ning ev - ery hour;
D.S. And heav - enly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.

D.S.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,
Each cry to heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings,

161 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus.

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

Geo. Duffield.

162 Brightly Gleams our Banner.

T. J. POTTER. (ST. ALBANS.) HYDEN.

With spirit.

1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wanderers on-ward
2. Jesus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing
3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to-rious
4. Then with saints and an-gels May we join a-bove, Off'ring pray'rs and praises

To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See Thy children meet; Of-ten have we left Thee, Of-ten gone a-stray,
O-ver ev-ery foe; Bid Thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds lour,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o-ver, Then comes rest and peace,

And with hearts u-nit-ed Take our heavenward way. Brightly gleams our ban-ner,
Keep us, mighty Sav-iour, In the nar-row way. Brightly gleams our ban-ner,
Pardon Thou and save us, In the last dread hour. Brightly gleams our ban-ner,
Je-sus, In His beau-ty, Songs that nev-er cease. Brightly gleams our ban-ner,

Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on-ward To their home on high.
Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on-ward To their home on high.
Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on-ward To their home on high.
Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on-ward To their home on high. Amen.

163 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

(ST. GERTRUDE.)

S. BARING-GOULD. 1865. A. S. SULLIVAN. 1872.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a migh-ty ar - my, Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of Je - sus
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with us your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er' Gainst that church pervail;
In the triumph - song; Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.

mf

cres.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A-men.

164 Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

BISH. HEBER. DR. L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high,—
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The gifts of God are strown:
Sal - va - tion, O, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath - en in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, and Sav - iour, In bliss re - turns to reign.

165 Forth to the Fight.

L. O. EMERSON.

Boldly.

1. Forth to the fight, ye faith - ful, Migh - ty in God's own might,
2. Arm ye a-gainst the bat - tle, Strive ye, and watch, and pray!
3. Fear not the din of bat - tle, Fol-low where Christ has trod;
4. Fight, for the Lord is o'er you, Fight, for He bids you fight;

Stem - ming the tide of bat - tle, Rout - ing the hosts of night!
Peace shall suc-ceed the war - fare, Night shall be changed to day.
Con - quer the hosts of dark - ness, Strong in the might of God!
There where the fray is thick - est, Close with the hosts of night!

Lift ye the red cross ban - ner, Wield ye the vic - tor's sword,

Raise ye the Christian war - cry, "We're soldiers of the Lord. A - men.

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166 Little by Little.

LEON HERBERT. ELIZABETH EMERSON. By per.

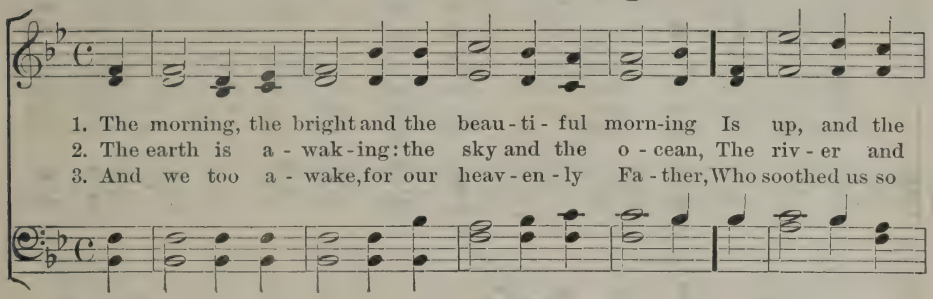
1. Lit - tle by lit - tle the time goes by; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
2. Lit - tle by lit - tle the skies grow clear; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
3. Lit - tle by lit - tle the world grows strong, Fight-ing the bat - tle of
4. Lit - tle by lit - tle the good in men Blos-soms to beau-ty for

mo - ments fly; Lit - tle by lit - tle, an hour a day, Numbers its
sun comes near; Lit - tle by lit - tle the days smile out, Gladden and
Right and Wrong; Lit - tle by lit - tle the Wrong gives way,— Lit - tle by
hu - man ken; Lit - tle by lit - tle the an - gels see Pro - phe - cies

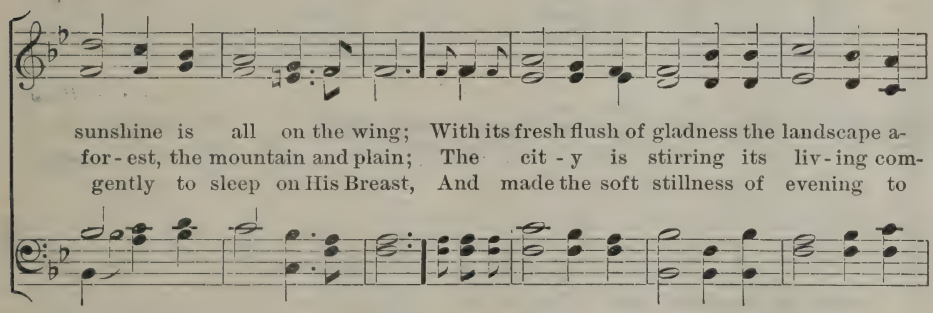
min - utes and flies a - way; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
bright - en our pain and doubt; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
lit - tle the Right has sway; Lit - tle by lit - tle all
bet - ter of good to be; Lit - tle by lit - tle the

race is run,— Trou - ble, and wait - ing, and toil are done.
seed we sow In - to a beau - ti - ful flow'r will grow.
long - ing souls Strug-gle up near - er the shin - ing goals.
God of all Lifts the world near - er His plead - ing call.

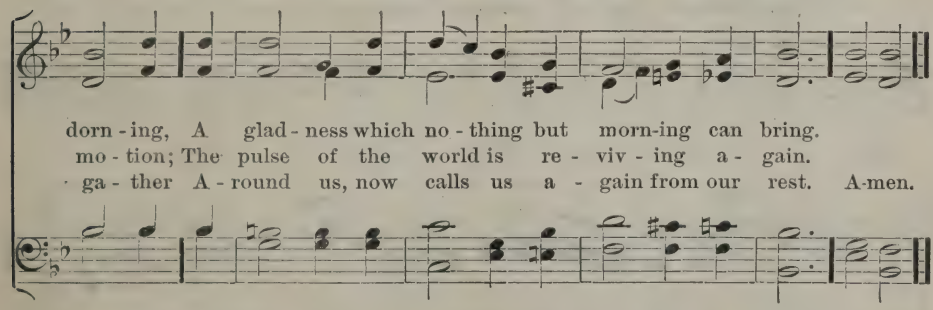
167 The Morning, the Bright and the Beautiful Morning.



1. The morning, the bright and the beau - ti - ful morn-ing Is up, and the
2. The earth is a - wak - ing: the sky and the o - cean, The riv - er and
3. And we too a - wake, for our heav - en - ly Fa - ther, Who soothed us so



sunshine is all on the wing; With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape a-
for - est, the mountain and plain; The cit - y is stirring its liv - ing com-
gently to sleep on His Breast, And made the soft stillness of evening to



dorn - ing, A glad - ness which no - thing but morn-ing can bring.
mo - tion; The pulse of the world is re - viv - ing a - gain.
ga - ther A - round us, now calls us a - gain from our rest. A-men.

4 Oh! now let us haste to our heavenly Father,
And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,
Let us come with glad hearts, let us come all together;
The morn of our youth let us hallow to Him.

168 Abide With Me. 10s.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass-ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power? Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!
4. Hold Thou the cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life and death, O Lord! a - bide with me!

169 Softly now the Light of Day.

(OSGOOD.) L. O. Emerson.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
3. Thou who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

From "Sabbath Harmony," by per.

Softly Now the Light of Day.

Free from care, from lab - or free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

170 The Day is Past and Over.

L. O. Emerson.

1. The day is past and o - ver, All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
2. The joys of day are o - ver, I lift my heart to Thee,
3. The toils of day are o - ver, I lift my heart to Thee,

I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O
And ask Thee that of home-less, The hours of dark may be. O
And ask that free from per - il The hours of dark may be. O

Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night.
Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night.
Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the com-ing night.

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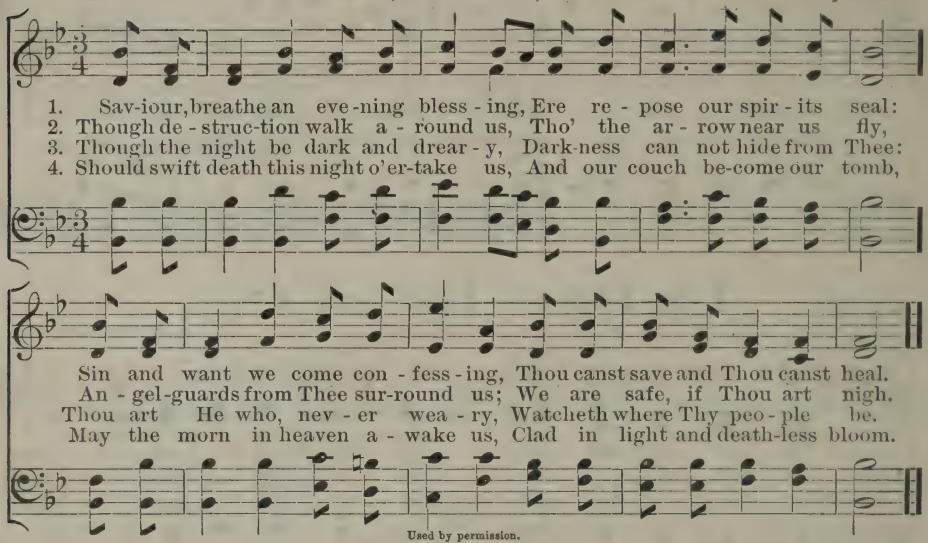
171 Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

(STOCKWELL.) D. E. JONES.



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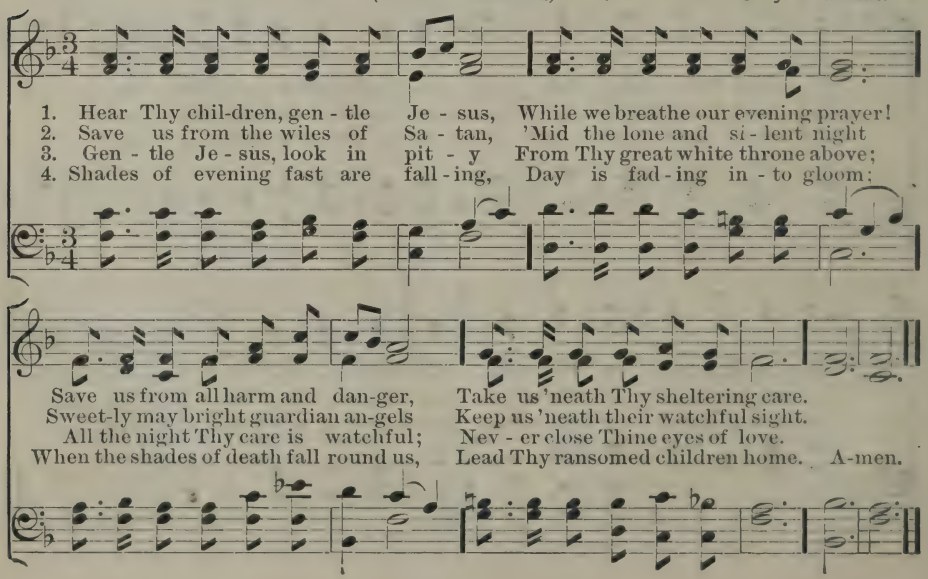
172 Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus.

(ST. SYLVESTER.) J. B. DYKES.



173 The Shadows of the Evening Hours.

MISS A. A. PROCTOR. L. O. EMERSON,

Andante.

1. The shad-ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the darkening sky;
2. The rays of daylight slow - ly fade, So fade with - in our heart
3. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up - on our souls de - scend;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie;
The hopes in earth - ly love and joy, That one by one de - part;
From mid-night fears and per - ils Thou Our trembling hearts de - fend;

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;
The bright stars slow - ly, one by one, With - in the az - ure shine;
Give us a res - pite from our toil, Calm and sub - due our woes;

Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things di - vine.
Thro' the long day we la - bor, Lord, O give us now re - pose.

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174 Silently the Shades of Evening.

L. O. EMERSON.

Tenderly.

1. Si - lent-ly the shades of evening, Gath - er round my lone - ly door;
2. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,

Si - lent-ly they bring be-fore me, Fac - es I shall see no more;
They un - link with earth-ly trou - ble, We, still hop - ing for the end.

O the loved, the un - for - got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got;
How such ho - ly memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,

O the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
Point-ing up to that far heav - en We may hope to gain at last.

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175 Lord, Dismiss us with Thy Blessing.

Rev. John Fawcett. (SICILY.)

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;

{ Let us each Thy love pos-sess - ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace.
{ O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil - der-ness.

{ May the fruit of Thy sal - va - tion, In our hearts and lives a - bound.
{ May Thy presence, May Thy pres-ence With us ev - er - more be found.

176 When this Song of Praise Shall Cease.

W. C. Bryant. John Adcook.

1. When this song of praise shall cease, Let Thy chil - dren, Lord, de - part
2. Oh, wher - e'er our path may lie, Fa-ther, let us not for - get
3. Blind we are, and weak, and frail; Be Thine aid for - ev - er near;

With the blessing of Thy peace, And Thy love in ev - ery heart.
That we walk be - neath Thine eye, That Thy care up - holds us yet.
May the fear to sin pre - vail O - ver ev - ery oth - er fear. Amen.

177 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name we raise.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on Thy Name.
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com ing night, Turn Thou for us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are all a - like to Thee.
4. Grant us Thy peace thro' - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thy e - ter - nal peace.

ORGAN.

178 For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country.

LATIN, 12th CENTURY. ELIZABETH U. EMERSON.

Andante.

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
2. O one, O on - ly man - sion, O Par - a - dise of joy,
3. With jas - per glow thy bul-warks, Thy streets with em-eralds blaze;
4. Thou hast no shore, fair o - cean! Thou hast no time, bright day!

For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.
Where tears are ev - er ban - ished, And smiles have no al - loy!
The sar - dius and the to - paz U - nite in thee their rays.
Dear foun - tain of re - fresh-ment To pil-grims far a - way.

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
The Lamb is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied thy praise;
Thine age - less walls are bond - ed With am - e - thyst un - priced;
Up - on the Rock of A - ges They raise Thy ho - ly tower;

rit.

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.
His laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ran-somed peo - ple raise.
Thy saints build up its fab - ric; And the cor - ner - stone is Christ.
Thine is the vic - tor's lau - rel, And thine the gold - en dower.

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179 Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD. A. D. 1150. Rev. H. L. JENNER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. And they, who with their Lead - er, Have con-quered in the fight,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try! The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait me there;
There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,
O land that seest no sor - row! O state that fear'st no strife!
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

For the last verse.

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond compare.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
O roy - al land of flow - ers! O realms and home of life.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest. A - men.

180 Angel Voices sweetly Singing.

Rev. H. Bonar. L. O. E.

Cheerfully.

1. An - gel voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome ring-ing,
2. On the jas - per thresh-old stand-ing, Like a pil-grim safe - ly land - ing,
3. Soft - est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Freshest fragrance, spir - it heal - ing,
4. Not a tear - drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a plea-sure ev - er pall - eth,
5. Christ Himself the liv - ing splen-dor, Christ the sunlight, mild and ten - der,

Refrain.

News of wondrous gladness bringing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last! Heaven at last!
See the strange, bright scene expanding; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
Hap - py hymn a - round us steal-ing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
Song to song for - ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
Prais - es to the Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Heaven at last! O, the joy-ful, joyful sto - ry of heaven at last! Heaven at last!

O, the joy - ful sto - ry,

Heaven at last! End - less, endless, boundless glo-ry, In heaven at last.

Endless, bound - less glo - ry,

181 O Paradise! O Paradise! 8s & 6s.

REV. F. W. FABER. (PARADISE.) BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Wherefore doth death de - lay?
4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait-ing here;

Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that lov'd are blest?
Who would not be at rest, and free, Where love is nev - er cold?
Bright death, that is the wel-come dawn Of our e - ter - nal day;
I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.
All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.
All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.
All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

182 Ten Thousand times ten Thousand.

H. ALFORD. L. O. E.

Briskly.

1. Ten thous-and times ten thous - and, In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what rap-tured greet - ings On Ca-naan's hap - py shore,

The ar - mies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light;
What ring - ing of a thou-sand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph nigh!
What knit - ting sev - ered friend-ships up, Where part - ings are no more!

'Tis fin - ish'd, all is fin - ish'd, Their fight with death and sin;
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle, That brimmed with tears of late,

cres.

Fling o - pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its former woes, A thousand fold re - paid!
Or-phans no long-er fa-ther-less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late. A - men.

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183 Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
2. We shall sing on that beauti - ful shore The me - lo - dious songs of the blest,
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa-ther a - bove, We will of - fer our tribute of praise,

For the Father waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling place there.
And our spir-its shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
For the glo - ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

Chorus.

In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that
In the sweet by - and - by,

beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -
by - and - by, by - and - by, In the

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Sweet by-and-by.

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

sweet by - and - by,

184 There is An Hour of Peaceful Rest.

W. B. TAOPPAN. (WOODLAND.) N. D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To mourn-ing wanderers given;
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sin and sor - row driven,—
3. There faith lifts up her cheer - ful eye To bright - er pros-pects given;
4. There fra - grant flowers im - mor - tal bloom, And joys supreme are given;

There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery
When toss'd on life's tem - pes-tuous shoals, Where storms a - rise, and
And views the tem - pest pass - ing by, The eve - ning shad - ows
There rays di - vine dis - perse the gloom; Be - yond the con - fines

wound - ed breast; 'Tis found a - bove— in heaven.
o - cean rolls, And all is drear— but heaven.
quick - ly fly, And all se - rene— in heaven.
of the tomb Ap - pears the dawn of heaven!

185 My Days are Gliding swiftly By.

D. Nelson. (SHINING SHORE.) Geo. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran-ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my broth - er dear, Our heaven-ly home dis - cern - ing,
3. Should com-ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
4. Let sor-row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing.
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home For - ev - er, oh, for - ev - er!

Refrain.

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And, just be - fore, the Shin - ing Shore We may al - most dis - cov - er!

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HEAVEN.

186 The World is Bright and Fair, we Know.

A. LAIGHTON. J. A. VALINTINE. By per.

1. The world is bright and fair, we know; The skies are arch'd in glo - ry;
2. But soft - er than the summer's breath, And fair - er than the ros - es,
3. The land where brok-en ties shall twine, And fond hearts will not sev - er,

The stars shine on, the sweet flow'rs blow, And tell their bless - ed sto - ry.
Will be the clime a - far from death, The heav - enly gate un - clos - es.
Where love's pure light shall brighter shine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

187 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

MISS PHŒBE CARY. (HOME.) L. O. E.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be;
3. Near - er my go - ing home, Lay - ing my bur - den down,
4. Near - er that hid - den stream, Wind - ing thro' shades of night,
5. Je - sus, to Thee I cling; Strengthen my arm of faith;

Near - er my home, to - day, am I, Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Near - er the throne where Je - sus reigns, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
Leav - ing my cross of heav - y grief, Wear - ing my star - ry crown.
Roll - ing its cold, dark waves be - tween Me and the world of light.
Stay with me while my way-worn feet Press thro' the stream of death.

188 The Fields are all White.

JOHN ADCOCK.

1. The fields are all white, And the reap-ers are few, We chil-dren are will-ing,
2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak, We can-not teach oth-ers;
3. We'll work by our prayers, By the pen-nies we bring, By small self de-ni-als,
4. Un-til, by and by, As the years pass at length, We too may be reap-ers,

But what can we do To work for our Lord in His har-vest.
How then shall we seek, To work for our Lord in His har-vest.
The least lit-tle thing May work for our Lord in His har-vest.
And go forth in strength To work for our Lord in His har-vest.

189 What can Little Ones like Me.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. What can lit-tle ones like me Find, O Lord, to of-fer Thee?
2. Child-like heart of truth shall be Dear-er gift than gold to Thee;
3. Teach me, then, the steps to trace Of the Sav-iour full of grace;
4. Thus, O Lord, in Thy dear love Fit me for Thy rest a-bove;

On-ly of Thy bounty fed, Sup-pliant for my dai-ly bread.
And its prayer and psalm shall rise Like sweet in-cense to the skies.
All His foot-steps as a child, Ho-ly, harm-less, un-de-filed.
Help me, this and ev-ery day, All Thy pre-cepts to o-bey. A-men.

190 There's a Friend for little Children.

ALBERT MIDLANE. OWEN HOLWORTHY.

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
3. There's a home for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
4. There are crowns for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
5. There are songs for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,

A Friend that nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;
Who love the bless - ed Sav - iour, And to the Fa - ther cry,—
Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy;
And all who look to Je - sus Shall wear them by - and - by;
And harps of sweet - est mu - sic For their hymn of vic - to - ry:

Un - like our friends by nat - ure, Who change with changing years,
A rest from ev - ery trou - ble, From sin and dan - ger free;
No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare,
Yea, crowns or bright - est glo - ry Which He shall sure be - stow
And all a - bove is plea - sure, And found in Christ a - lone;

This Friend is al - way wor - thy The precious name He bears.
There ev - ery lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
For ev - ery one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.
On all who loved the Sav - iour, And walked with Him be - low.
Lord, grant Thy lit - tle chil - dren, To know Thee as their own. A - men.

191 Jesus, Tender Shepherd hear Me.

MRS. MARY L. DUNCAN. AN OLD MELODY.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Through the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light.
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me, Listen to my even-ing prayer.
Take us all at last to heav-en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell. A - men.

192 Jesus loves Me.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; He is al - ways, al-ways near;
2. Je - sus loves me, night and morn-ing Je - sus hears the prayers I pray;
3. Je - sus loves me,— and He watches O - ver me with lov - ing eye;
4. Je - sus loves me,— O Lord Je - sus, Now I pray Thee by Thy love,

If I try to please Him tru - ly, There is nought that I can fear.
And He ne-ver, nev-er leaves me, When I work, or when I play.
And He sends His ho - ly an - gels, Safe to keep me, till I die.
Keep me ev - er pure and ho - ly, Till I come to Thee a - bove. A - men

193 To and Fro.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. To and fro! to and fro! Hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren,
2. To and fro! to and fro! Hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren,

FINE.

As they go, as they go,— Bus - y march of bus - y feet!
As they go, as they go,— Bus - y march of bus - y feet!

Here and there, ev - ery - where, Joy - ous songs we're sing - ing;
Blithe and gay, all the day, Ear - ly morn till e - ven:

D.C.

Loud and clear, full of cheer, Hap - py tunes are ring - ing.
Let us raise songs of praise To our God in Heav - en.

MISCELLANEOUS.

194 I gave My life for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (KANE.) L. O. E.

SOLO, OR UNISON.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fath - er's house of light, My glo - ry cir - cled throne

That thou might'st ran- somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wand-'rings sad and lone;

CHORUS.

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv - en me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,—
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

195 Hark! the Loving Saviour's Voice.

W. P. LUNT. E. U. E.

1. Hark! the lov - ing Sav-iour's voice; "Chil-dren dear come un - to me!"
2. "None can to the Fa - ther come But by Me, the Liv - ing Way."

In that word our souls re - joice, And we give our hearts to Thee.
Sav - iour, guide us to our home, And the Fa-ther's love dis - play!

"Take my yoke and learn of me! I will show you what is good,
"I was once, like you, a child, And a child's sub - jec - tion knew."

Sav-iour, yes, to Thee we turn; Feed our minds with heaven-ly food.
Teach us, Sa-viour, to be mild, Kind, o - be - dient, ten - der, true!

196 I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. L. O. EMERSON.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav - iour, precious Sav-iour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free!

rit.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love, of love so full and free!

197 We are Children of One Father.

(FATHERHOOD)

LUCY LARCOM. HENRY FARMER.

1. We are children of one Fa - ther, All a - like His children dear;
2. All our blessings He has giv - en; All we have to Him be - longs;

When a-round His feet we gath - er, Ev - ery voice He bends to hear;
We are here to build up heav-en In the place of sins and wrongs;

Ev - ery whisper, ev - ery whisper We send upward, brings Him near.
To our Father, to our Fa-ther Lov - ing deeds are sweet-est songs.

3 Children, every hour is bringing
Something good from Him to you;
Would you join His angel's singing?
Share His angel's mission, too?
Teach us, Father, teach us, Father,
Heavenly work on earth to do!

198 God of Heaven, O Hear us Singing.

A. RANDEGGER.

p UNISON.

1. God of heav'n, O hear us sing-ing! On-ly hum-ble chil-dren, we,
2. Let Thy king-dom come, we pray Thee; Let the world in Thee find rest;
3. Let the sweet and joy-ful sto-ry Of the Saviour's won-drous love
4. Fa-ther, send the glo-rious hour, Ev-'ry heart be Thine a-lone;

Yet a great pe-ti-tion bring-ing, Fa-ther, now we come to Thee.
Let all know Thee and o-bey Thee, Lov-ing, prais-ing, bless-ing, blessed.
Wake on earth a song of glo-ry, Like the an-gels' song a-bove.
For the king-dom and the pow-er And the glo-ry are Thine own.

Ad lib. at end of last verse. *After last verse.*

A-men.

199 Beneath The Shadow of The Cross.

Rev. S. Longfellow. (BEMERTON.) Greatorex.

1. Be-neath the shad-ow of the cross, As earth-ly hopes re - move,
2. O bond of un-ion strong and deep! O bond of per - fect peace!
3. Then, Je-sus, be thy spir - it ours; And swift our feet shall move

His new com-mandment Je - sus gives,—His bless-ed word of love.
Not even the lift-ed cross can harm, If we but hold to this.
To deeds of pure self-sac - ri - fice, And the sweet tasks of love.

PRAYER.

200 My God is any Hour so Sweet.

Miss C. Elliott.

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to even-ing star,
2. Then is my strength by Thee renewed; Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
3. No words can tell what sweet re-lief Here for my ev-ery want may find;
4. Lord, till I reach yon bliss-ful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall be

As that which calls me to Thy feet—The hour of prayer?
Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude, With hopes of heaven.
What strength for warfare, balm for grief, What peace of mind!
As thus my in-most soul to pour In prayer to thee. A-men.

201 Hear us, Heavenly Father.

JOHN ADCOOK.

1. Hear us, heavenly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par-don our of - fenc-es, Guard us from all ill; Make us like true
3. Let not sin be - guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

fee-ble, Hear our simple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, Hear!
children, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, Hear!
mer-cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, Hear!

202 Behold The Throne of Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. L. MARSHALL.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near;
2. My soul! ask what thou wilt, Thou canst not be too bold;
3. Thine im - age, Lord, be - stow, Thy pres - ence and Thy love;
4. Teach me to live by faith, Con - form my will to Thine;

There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits my prayer to hear.
Since His own blood for thee He spilt, What else can He with - hold?
I ask to serve Thee here be - low, And reign with Thee a - bove.
Let me vic - to - rious be in death, And then in glo - ry shine.

203 There's not a Tint that Paints the Rose.

Rev. H. G. Spaulding.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lil - y fair,
2. There's not of grass a sin - gle blade, Or leaf of loveliest green,

Or streaks the humblest flower that blows, But God has placed it there.
Where heavenly skill is not displayed, And heavenly wis-dom seen.

At ear - ly dawn there's not a gale A - cross the landscape driven,
A - round, be - neath, be - low, a - bove, Wher - ev - er space ex - tends,

And not a breeze that sweeps the vale, That is not sent by heaven.
There God displays His boundless love, And power with mer - cy blends.

From "Sunday School Hymnal," by per.

204 The Beautiful Path.

Mrs. S. B. Herrick — L. B. Starkweather.

1. There's a path for your feet, lit - tle chil - dren, Made soft by the good Shepherd's care: It will lead thro' the sun-light and shad - ow, Safe in - to the beau - ti - ful land, Where the still waves glide in their sweetness, And the pastures are fragrant and fair;

2. There's a hand that is wait - ing to lead you, A hand that will ten - der - ly guide; There's a form that a - long the bright path - way, Will lov - ing - ly walk by your side; There's a voice that is sweet-er than mus - ic, A smile that is bright as the day;

3. In the cit - y whose walls are of jas - per, Where pal - ac - es shine like the sun; You shall wear the white robe of the 'ran-somed, And rest when your jour - ney is done; There's a harp and a crown that a - waits you, A man-sion that's glorious and fair;

From "Glad Tidings" by permission.

The Beautiful Path.

Oh! come to this path, lit - tle chil-dren, For beau - ty And bless-ing are
Oh! tread in this path, lit - tle chil-dren, For Je - sus Him-self is the
Oh! fol - low this path, lit - tle chil-dren, And Je - sus will welcome you

there. Tis a beau - ti - ful path, lit - tle chil - dren, The
way.
there.

path that the Sav - iour has trod; It will

lead thro' this changeful earth-valley, Up safe to the bos - om of God.

205 Hark, Hark, My Soul! Thy Father's Voice is Calling.

Rev. J. Page Hopps. H. Smart.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! Thy Father's voice is call-ing,— E'en now it breathes o'er life's dark troubled sea; That gracious voice like heav-enly dew is fall-ing;
2. Hark, hark, my soul! from heaven that voice is pleading With Thee ere e-vil days draw darkly near; Now, in thy dawn, the Father's hand is lead-ing,
3. Hark, hark my soul! still, still that voice is sounding, Like mu-sic sweet from some far dis-tant shore; While an-gel bands, our dai-ly path sur-rounding,

Hark, hark, my soul! the Fa-ther calls for thee. Fa-ther of mer-cy,
From sin and shame, from sorrow, doubt and fear. Fa-ther of mer-cy,
Lead God's dear children on for-ev-er more. Fa-ther of mer-cy,

Fa-ther of love! Thee would we fol-low to our own dear home a-bove!

206 Giving.

ADELAID A. PROCTOR. SAMUEL SMITH.

1. See the riv- ers flow - ing Downward to the sea, Toss-ing all their treasures
2. Watch the princely flowers Their rich fragrance spread, Load the air with perfumes,
3. Give thy heart's best treasures; From fair nature learn: Give thy love; and ask not,

Boun - ti - ful and free; Yet, to help their giv - ing, Hid - den springs a -
From their beau-ty shed; Yet their lav - ish spend-ing Leaves them not in
Wait not a re - turn! And the more thou spend-est From thy lit - tle

rise; Or, if need be, show - ers Feed them from the skies.
dearth, With fresh life re - plen - ished By their moth-er earth.
store, With a dou - ble boun - ty, God will give thee more. A - men.

207 Summer Suns are Glowing.

1 Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

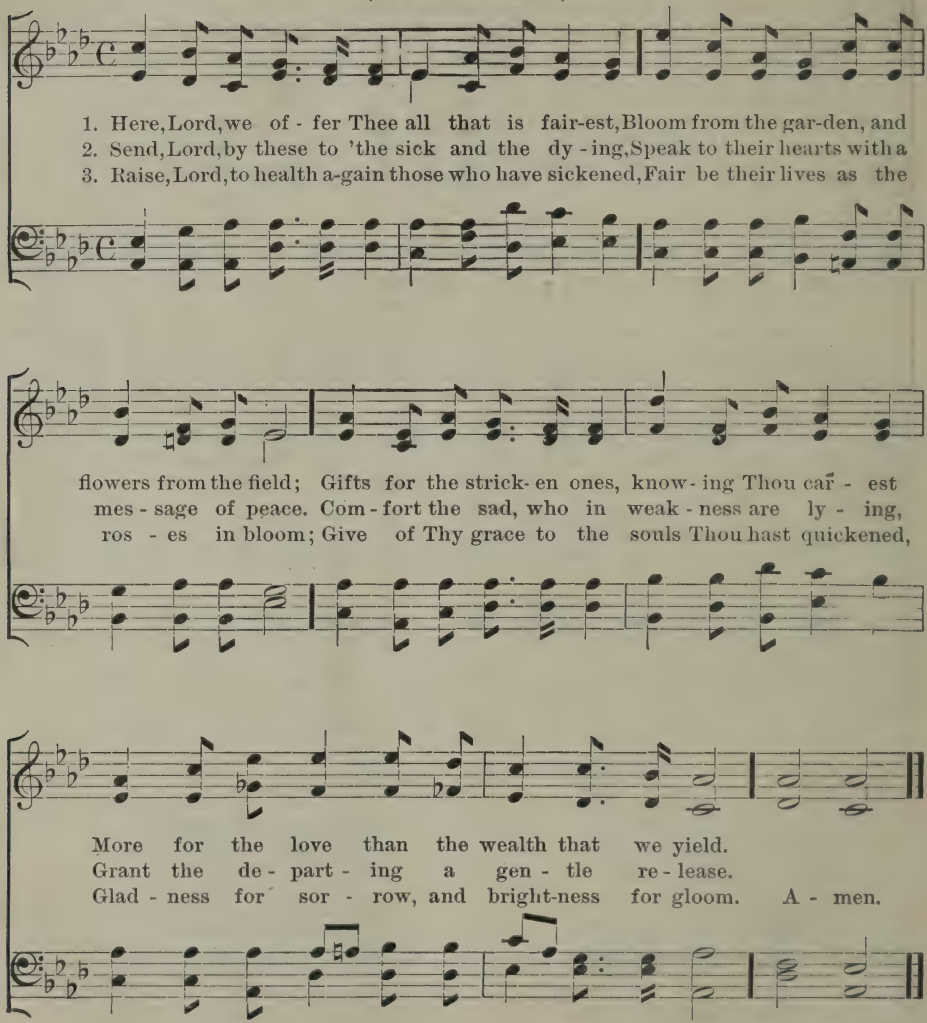
2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving kindness
Makes us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'es us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

208 Here, Lord, we offer Thee.

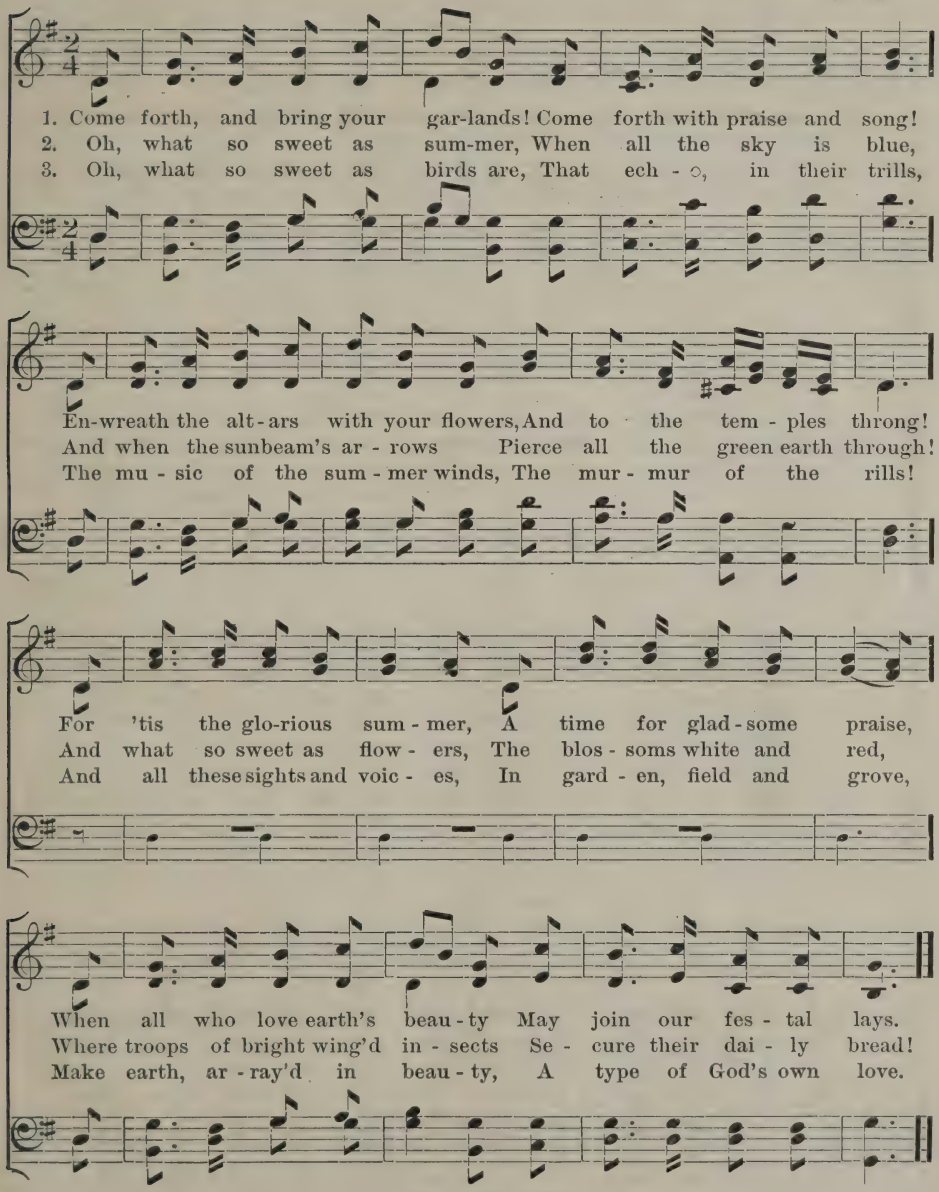
(CLARE MARKET.)



4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky.

209 Come Forth and Bring Your Garlands.

ENGLISH.



210 Hosanna! Hosanna!

E. U. E.

Joyfully.

1. Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! The lit - tle chil - dren sang; Through
2. From Oli - vet they fol - lowed, Midst an ex - ult - ant crowd, Wav -
3. Fair leaves of sil - very olive They strewed up - on the ground, Whils't
4. Ho - san - na in the highest! That an - cient song we sing, For

pil - lar'd court and tem - ple, The love - ly an - them rang. To
ing the vic - tor palm branch, And shout - ing clear and loud; Bright
Sa - lem's cir - cling moun - tains Ech - oed the joy - ful sound; The
Christ is our Re - deem - er The Lord of heaven our King. Oh!

Je - sus who had bless'd them, Close fold - ed to His breast, The
an - gels join the cho - rus, Be - yond the cloud - less sky — Ho-
Lord of men and an - gels Rode on in low - ly state, Nor
may we ev - er praise Him With heart and life and voice, And

chil - dren sang their prais-es The simp - lest and the best.
san - na in the highest; Glo - ry to God on high!
scorned that lit - tle children Should on His bid - ding wait.
in His bliss - ful presence E - ter - nal - ly re - joice.

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211 O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

H. ALFORD. J. B. DYKES.

Con brio.

1. O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,
2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous-ly hast wrought,
3. In Thee all ful - ness dwell-eth, All grace and power di - vine;
4. Oh, grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove,

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove;
Thy - self the rev - el - a - tion Of love be - yond our thought;
The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine;
In end - less a - do - ra - tion And ev - er - last - ing love;

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee, Where per - fect prais - es ring,

We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our gra-cious Lord and King.
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our glo-rious Lord and King.
And ev - er - more con - fess Thee, Our Sav - iour and our King. A - men.

212

Golden Rule.

ELIZABETH U. EMERSON.

1. Nev - er lose the gold - en rule, Keep it still in view;
2. Help the fee - ble ones a - long, Cheer the faint and weak;
3. Love the Lord—the first command—With thy soul and mind;

Do to oth - ers as you would They should do to you.
To the sor - row - la - den heart Words of com - fort speak.
Love Thy neigh - bor as thy - self— Both in one com - bined.

In their bur - dens bear a part; Kind - ly, gent - ly still,
From the boun - ty of your store Free - ly, free - ly give;
With each oth - er strive to live Just - ly ev - er - more;

With a brave and lov - ing heart, Shield-ing them from ill. . .
Help the strug - gling and the poor, Bet - ter lives to live.
Al - ways will - ing to for - give Those who grace im - plore.

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Golden Rule.

CHORUS.

Nev - er lose the gold - en rule, Keep it ev - er - more in view:

Do to oth - ers as you would They should do to you.

213 Yes! for Me He Careth.

(CHILDS.)

L. O. E.

1. Yes! for me, for me He car - eth, With a broth-er's ten-der care.
2. Yes! o'er me, o'er me He watch-eth, Ceaseless watching ev - 'ry day;
3. Yes! in me, in me He dwell-eth, I in Him, and He in me;
4. Thus I wait for His re - turn - ing, Sing - ing all the way to Heaven;

Yes! with me, with me He shar - eth Ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry care.
Yes! e'en me, e'en me He watch-eth From the per - ils of the way.
And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Such the joy - ful song of morn - ing, Such the joy - ful song of even.

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214 He will Come, perhaps, at Morning.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN. L. O. E.

SOLO, OR CHORUS.

1. He will come, perhaps, at morning, When to sim - ply live is sweet, When the
2. He will come, perhaps, at noontide, When the pulse of life throbs high, When the
3. Or it may be in the even-ing, Gray and som - bre is the sky, Clouds a -
4. If He on - ly finds us read - y In the morning's hap-py light, In the

arm is strong, un - wea-ried By the noon-day toil and heat, When the
fruits of toil are rip'ning, And the har-vest time is nigh; Then, thro'
round the sun - set gath - er, Far and dark the shadows lie; When we
strong and fier - y noon-tide, Or the com - ing of the night, If he

un - dim'd eye looks tear - less Up the shin - ing heights of life, And the
all the full-orb'd splen-dor Of the sun's me - rid - ian blaze, Then may
long for rest and slum-ber, And some ten-der thoughts of home Fill the
on - ly finds us wait - ing, Listening for His sud - den call, Then His

ea - ger soul is pant - ing, Yearning for some no - ble strife.
shine the strange new beau - ty Of the Lord's trans-fig - ured face.
heart with vague, sad yearn - ing, Then per - haps the Lord will come.
com - ing when we think not Is the sweet - est hope of all.

215 O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

FRANCIS BAKER. M. H. E. By per.

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to Thee?
2. Thy walls are made of pre-cious stones, Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
3. Quite through the streets with si - lent sound The Flood of Life doth flow;

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy gates are of right ori - ent pearl, Ex - ceed - ing rich and rare.
Up - on whose banks on ev - ery side, The wood of Life doth grow.

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
Thy gar - dens and Thy gal - lant walls Con - tin - ual - ly are green;
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Would God I were in Thee!

In Thee no sor-row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil!
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers As nowhere else are seen.
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see. Amen.

216 My Native Country, Thee.

S. F. Smith. D. D. (AMERICA.)

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mus - ic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song! Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pilgrims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring.
temp - led hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

217 God Save The State!

Dr. Leonard Bacon.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

218 Gushing so bright in The Morning Light.

JAMES B. TAYLOR.

1. Gush-ing so bright in the morning light, Gleams the wa - ter in yon fountain;
2. Qui - et - ly glide in their sil-very tide, Pearl-y brooks from rocks to val - ley;
3. Touch not the wine, tho' it bright-ly shine, When a purer draught is giv - en;
4. O fountain clear, with a heart sin-cere, We will praise thy glorious Giv - er;

And as pure-ly, too, as the ear - ly dew That gems the dis - tant mountain.
And the flashing streams in the strong sunbeams, Like bannered armies ral - ly.
A gift so sweet all our wants to meet, A beverage bright from heav-en.
And when we rise to our na-tive skies We'll drink of life's bright riv - er.

CHORUS.

Then drink your fill of the gush-ing rill, And leave the cup of sor - row;

Tho' it shine to-night in the gleaming light, Twill sting thee on the mor-row.

219 Father, let me Dedicate.

1. Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate This new year to Thee,
2. If in mer - cy Thou wilt spare Joys that now are mine;
3. If Thou call - est to the cross, And its shad - ow come,

In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be.
If on life se - rene and fair, Bright - er rays may shine;
Turn - ing all my gain to loss, Shroud - ing heart and home,—

Not from sor - row, pain, or care Free - dom dare I claim;
Let my glad heart, while it sings, Thee in all pro - claim;
Let me think how Thy dear Son To His glo - ry came,

This a - lone shall be my prayer, "Glo - ri - fy Thy name."
And what - e'er the fu - ture brings, "Glo - ri - fy Thy name."
And in deep - est grief pray on, "Glo - ri - fy Thy name.' Amen.

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220 St. George.

DEAN ALFORD. SIR. G. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home!
2. What is earth but God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield?
3. For we know that Thou wilt come, And wilt take Thy peo-ple home;
4. Come then, Lord of mer-cy, come, Bid us sing Thy Har-vest-Home!

All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
Wheat and tares there-in are sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
From Thy field wilt purge a-way All that doth of-fend that day;
Let Thy saints be gath-ered in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;

God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide, For our wants to be sup-plied;
Ripen-ing with a won-d'rous pow'r, Till the fi-nal Har-vest-hour:
And Thine an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
All up-on the gold-en floor Prais-ing Thee for ev-er-more;

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home!
Grant, O Lord of life, that we Ho-ly grain and pure may be.
But the fruit-ful ears to store In Thy gar-ner ev-er more.
Come, with thousand an-gels, come; Bid us sing Thy Har-vest-Home! A-men.

221 Praise to God, Immortal Praise.

Joyful.

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scat-ters o'er the smil - ing land;

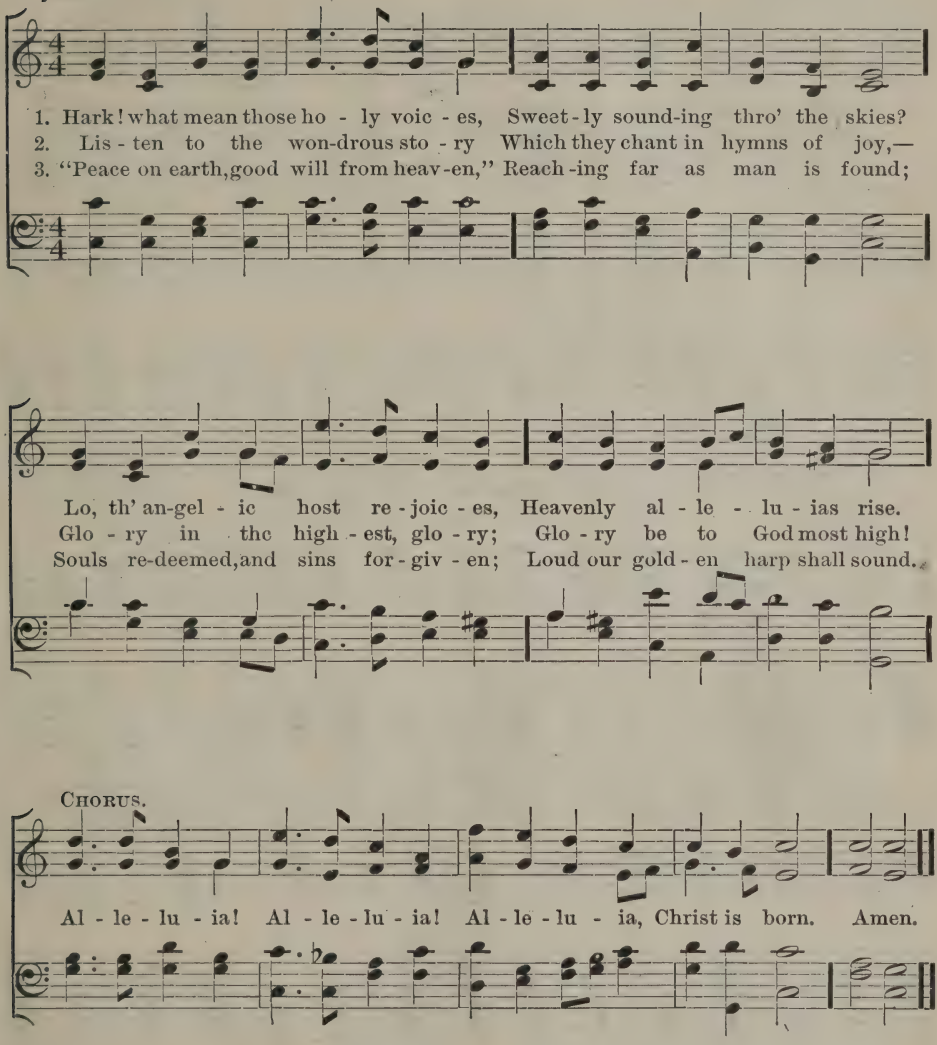
Bounteous source of ev - ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
All that lib - eral Au - tumn pours From her o - ver - flow - ing stores;

For the bless - ings of the field, For the stores the gar-dens yield,
These, great God, to Thee we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow;

For the joy which har - vests bring, Grate - ful prais-es now we sing.
And for these, our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows, and sol - emn praise.

222 Hark! What mean Those Holy Voices.

JOHN CAMWOOD. HENRY SMART.



4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 Hasten, mortal, to adore Him:
Learn His name and taste His joy;
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
And His praise your tongues employ.

223 Morning Star in Splendor Shining.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Morn-ing star, in splen-dor shin - ing, Glad we hail thee on thy way;
2. See the des - ert robed in beau - ty, See the rose of Sha - ron bloom;
3. Loud ho - san - nas hail His com - ing, Fes - tive garments crown His birth;
4. Son of Da - vid, Prince of glo - ry, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;

While we chant with hap - py voi - ces, Christ the Lord is born to - day.
While the li - ly of the val - ley Breathes a - gain its sweet per-fume.
Trum-pet tongues re - port the sto - ry, Peace, good will to all the earth.
Reign for - ev - er, King e - ter - nal, All the world is blest in Thee.

CHORUS.

Ring mer - ry bells! ring mer - ry bells! Sweet - ly chime this Christmas morn!
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,

Ring mer - ry bells! ring mer - ry bells! Christ the Lord is born.

From "Song Worship," by per.

224 Christ, The Lord, Is Born.

Words by MANLY H. PIKE. EDWIN MOORE.

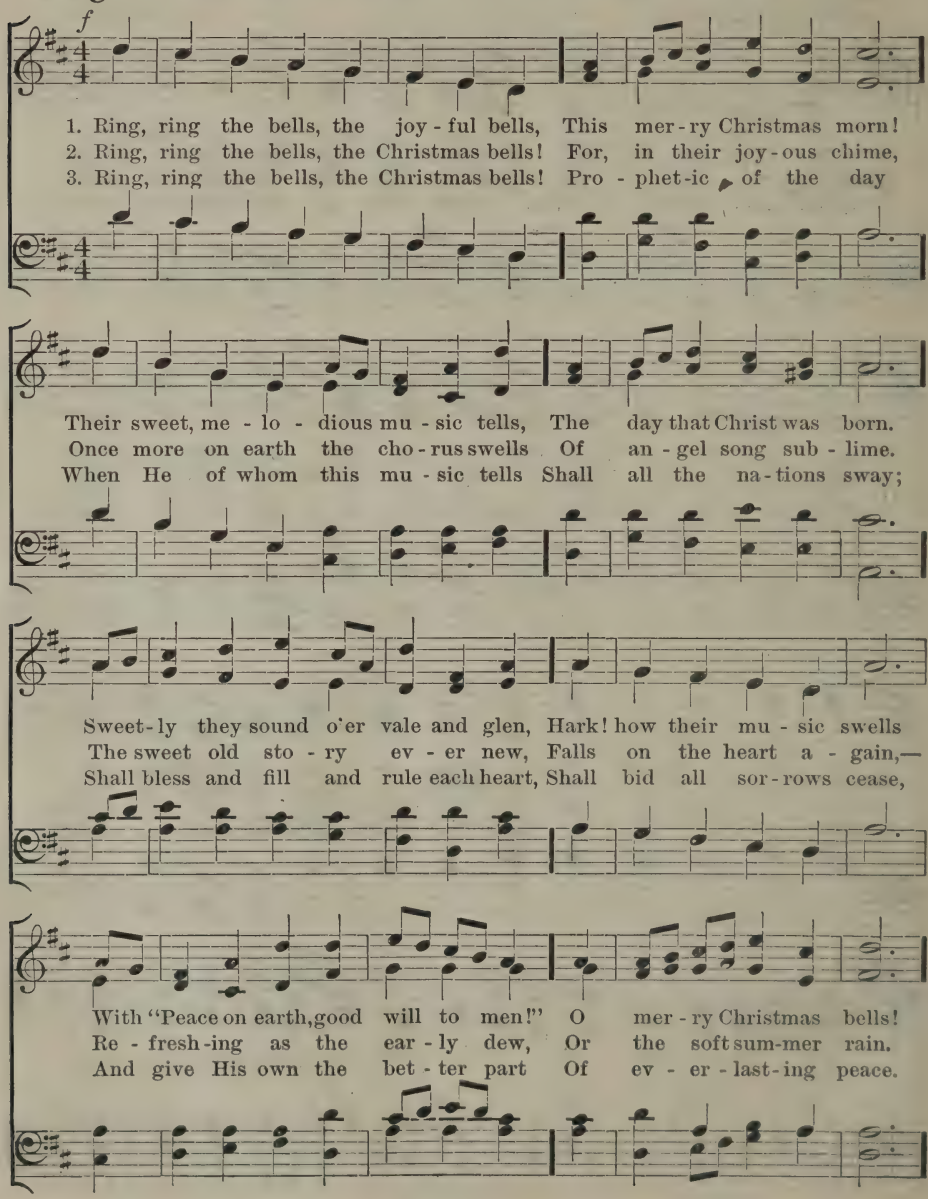
1. Chil - dren sing in joy - ful cho - rus, Sing ye ev - ery one;
2. Tell how wise men low - ly bend - ing, At His feet a - dored;
3. Though a - far in dis - tant na - tion Was His place of birth,
4. Where one faith - ful heart o - beys Him, Is His birth-place found;

For the morn is break - ing o'er us, And the night is gone.
Tell how heav'n-ly choirs de - scend - ing Spread glad news a - broad;
Yet to - day His hab - i - ta - tion, Is in all the earth.
Where a band of Chris - tians praise Him There is ho - ly ground.

Greet the Christ-mas star be - fore us, Greet the Christmas sun.
And, like them, your voic - es blend - ing, Sing in sweet ac - cord.
Then up - rise your ac - cla - ma - tion, Shout in ho - ly mirth.
There ni - glo - ry He - ar - rays Him, Shines His light a - round.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ, the Lord, is born!

225 The Day that Christ was Born.



The Day that Christ was Born.

Ring, ring the bells, the Christ - mas bells, The

Ring, ring the bells the Christ - mas

bells, the mer - ry mer - ry Christ - mas bells,

226 Sing with Joy This Christmas Morn.

Cheerfully.

1. Sing with joy this Christ-mas morn, Un - to us a child is born;
2. Shepherds, watch-ing thro' the night, Wondering at the daz-zling light,
3. Thou-sand, thou-sand an - gels raise Songs of glad tri - umph-ant praise;
4. Je - sus! whom we now a - dore, May we love Thee more and more;

Christ hath come on earth to dwell, God with us, Im - man - u - el!
Hear the glo-rious an - gels tell Of the Hope of Is - ra - el.
Sing - ing, thro' the star - ry sky, "Glo - ry be to God on High!"
As by faith we wondering see This Thy great hu - mil - i - ty.

227 Joy Fills Our Inmost Hearts To-day.

W. C. Dix. — Elizabeth U. Emerson.

Briskly. Unison.

1. Joy fills our in-most hearts to-day, The roy-al Child is born:
2. Low at the cra-dle throne we bend, We won-der and a-dore;
3. Thou Light of un-cre-at-ed Light, Shine on us, ho-ly Child;

The an-gel hosts in glad ar-ray, His ad-vent keep this morn.
And feel no bliss can ours transcend, No joy was sweet be-fore.
That we may keep Thy birth-day bright, With ser-vice un-de-filed.

Chorus.

Re-joice! re-joice! The in-car-nate word has come on earth to dwell!

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Joy Fills Our Inmost Hearts To-day.

rit.

No sweet-er sound than this is heard, Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

228 All my Heart this Night Rejoices.

GERMAN. 1666.

Joyfully.

1. All my heart this night re-joic-es As I hear, Far and near,
2. Hark! a voice from yon-der man-ger, Soft and sweet, Doth en-treat:
3. Ye who pine in wea-ry sad-ness, Weep no more; For the door

Sweet-est an-gel voic-es, "Christ is born!" Their choirs are sing-ing,
"Flee from woe and dan-ger! Breth-ren, come! from all that grieves you,
Now is found of glad-ness. Cling to Him, for He will guide you,

Till the air Ev-ery-where Now with joy is ring-ing.
You are freed; All you need I will sure-ly give you."
Where no cross, Pain or loss, Can a-gain be-tide you. A-men.

229 Behold! Behold He cometh.

ELIZABETH U. EMERSON.

Briskly.

1. Be - hold! be - hold He com - eth, Who doth sal - va - tion bring;
2. Ho - san - na to the Sa - viour Who came on Christmas morn,
3. Yea, come in love and meek - ness Our Sav - iour now to be:
4. Soon shalt Thou sit in glo - ry Up - on the "great White Throne,"
5. Here good and bad are min - gled; But on that Judg-ment Day

Lift up your heads re - joic - ing, And wel - come Zi - on's King;
And of a low - ly vir - gin Was in a sta - ble born;
Come to be form - ed in us And make us like to Thee;
And pun - ish all the wick - ed, And re - com-pense Thine own,
The An - gels shall di - vide them, And take the bad a - way.

With hymns of joy we praise the Lord, With hymns of joy we praise the Lord,
Im - man - uel! Bless - ed Je - sus! come! Im-man - uel! bless - ed Je - sus! come!
Be - fore the day of wrath draws near, Be - fore the day of wrath draws near,
When ev - ery word and deed and thought, When ev-ery word and deed and thought
Grant, Lord, that we be faith - ful found, Grant, Lord, that we be faith - ful found,

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Behold! Behold He cometh.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to th'In - car - nate Word!
With - in Thy chil - dren to make Thy home.
When as our Judge Thou shalt ap - pear.
To right - eous judg - ment thou shalt be brought.
When the last trum - pet call shall come! A - men.

230 As With Gladness Men of Old.

W. C. Dix. GERMAN.

1. { As with gladness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold, }
{ As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on-ward, beam - ing bright, }

So most gracious God may we Ev - er-more be led by Thee. A-men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped, To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before Him whom Heaven and Earth adore,
So may we with willing feet, Ever seek Thy mercy seat.

3 Holy Jesus, every day Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

231 Shine, O Sun, in splendor Bright.

Form VOICES OF PRAISE. By per.

Brightly.

1. Shine, O Sun, in splen - dor bright, Em - blem of the Lord of light,
2. Now the flow - ers bud - ding sweet, In the soil be - neath our feet,
3. All the trees and plants in Spring To the Re - sur - rec - tion bring

Who this day rose from the dead, And cap - tiv - ty cap - tive led.
Raise themselves from sleep like death, Prais - ing God with fragrant breath.
Sig - nal offer - ings, and de - clare Christ is ris - en, ev - ery-where.

CHORUS.

Sing joy - ous - ly, ye mor - tals, For Christ hath op'd the por - tals Of

life to all a - gain. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A -

Shine, O Sun, in Splendor Bright.

men! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!

232 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Fast.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Now all the hills are
2. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! O hast-en we to
3. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Still, Je-sus, we a -

ring - ing, To wel - come Eas - ter Day, And we with joy are
meet Him, With our com - pan - ions dear, With love and awe to
dore Thee, With faith which may not fail; Still, as we kneel be -

sing - ing, Our car - ol sweet and gay; For Je - sus hath a -
greet Him As He is draw - ing near; Of old His friends were
fore Thee, We hear Thee say "All hail!" Thou, who art now de -

Alleluia! Alleluia!

ris - en From Joseph's rock - y cave; Hath burst His three days pris - on, And
bid - den To haste to Gal - i - lee; Still in His church all glo - rious, Our
scend-ing To raise us up to Thee, On Eas-ter-tide un - end - ing Grant

triumphed o'er the grave. Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia!
ris - en Lord will be. Al-le - lu - la! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia!
us in heav-en see. Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia!

233 The Lord is Risen!

Joyous. E.

1. "The Lord is ris - en! ris - en indeed!" Your car - ols blithe - ly sing!
2. Come sing His prais - es loud and high, Ere yet ap-pears the dawn,
3. For when the light of Easter dawned, Vic - to - rious in the strife,
4. "The Lord is ris - en!" Let each voice Sing car - ols glad and gay;

To deck His church with gar-lands gay, The choic - est flow - 'rets bring.
The birth-day of our Chris-tian hope, The glo - rious Eas - ter morn.
The Sav-iour burst the bands of death, And won our end - less life.
From morn till eve each heart re - peat "The Lord is risen to - day!"

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234 Christ the Lord is Risen Today.

(WORGAN.)

Joyful.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia!
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal— Al - - le - lu - ia!
4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Al - - le - lu - ia!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell: Al - - le - lu - ia!
Following our ex - alt - ed Head: Al - - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Lo! our sun's e - clipse is o'er; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids His rise; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Al - - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heavens! and earth re-joice! Al - - le - lu - ia!
Lo! He sets in blood no more. Al - - le - lu - ia!
Christ hath o-pened par - a - dise. Al - - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies! Al - - le - lu - ia! A - men.

235 Lift your Glad Voices.

ELIZABETH U. EMERSON. By per.

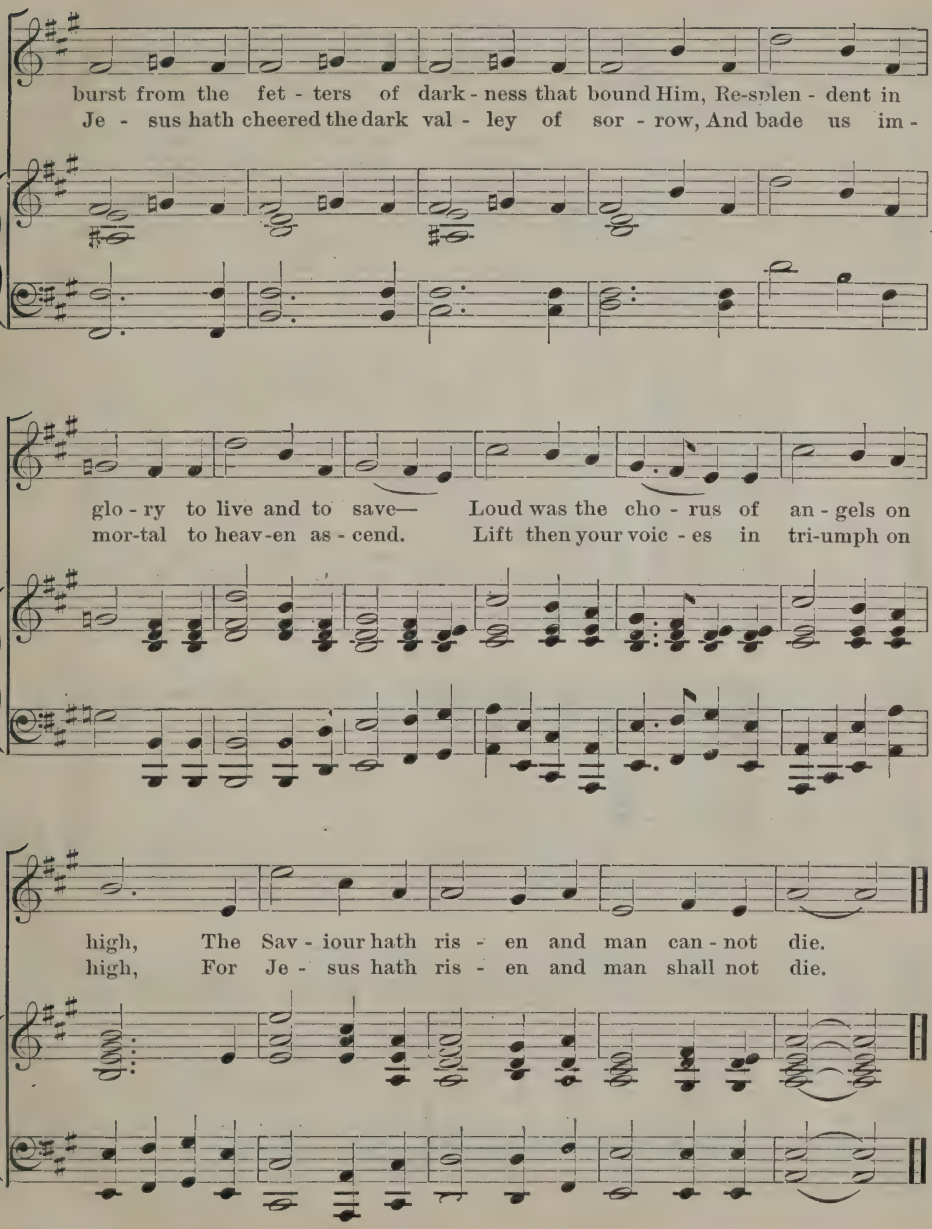
Allegro.

1. Lift your glad voic - es in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath
2. Glo - ry to God in full an - thems of joy, The be - ing He

ris - en and man can - not die. Vain were the ter - rors that gathered a -
gave us death can - not de-stroy. Sad were the life we must part with to -

round Him, and short the do - min - ion of death and the grave; He
mor - row, If tears were our birth-right and death were our end; But

Lift you Glad Voices.



236 Angels, Roll the Rock Away.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the migh - ty prey!
2. Shout, ye ser - aphs, an - gels, raise Your e - ter - nal songs of praise;
3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One,

See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb, Glowing with im - mor - tal bloom.
Let the earth's re - mot - est bound, Ech - o to the bliss - ful sound.
Glo - ry as of old to Thee Now and ev - er - more, shall be.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day.

237 See The Conqueror Mounts in Triumph.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH. L. O. EMERSON.

1. See, the conqueror mounts in triumph, See the King in roy - al state,
2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of ju - bi - lee?
3. He has raised our hu - man nat - ure On the clouds to God's right hand;

Rid - ing on the clouds, His chari - ot, To His heav-enly pal - ace gate.
Lord of bat - tles, God of arm - ies, He has gained the vic - to - ry!
There we sit in heav-enly plac - es, There with Him in glo - ry stand;

Hark! the choirs of an - gel voic - es Joy - ful Al - le - lu - ias sing,
He who on the cross did suf - fer, He who from the grave a - rose,
Je - sus reigns, a-dored by an - gels; Man with God is on the throne;

And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re-ceive their Heavenly King.
He has vanquished sin and Sa - tan, He by death has spoiled His foes.
Migh - ty Lord, in Thine as - cen-sion We by faith be-hold our own. A - men.

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238 Golden Harps are Sounding.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. L. O. E.

Joyful.

1. Golden harps are sounding, An-gel voic-es ring, Pearly gates are o-pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory
3. Pray-ing for His children, In that blessed place, Calling them to glo - ry,

Opened for the King. Christ, the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
At His Father's side, Nev - er more to suf - fer; Nev - er more to die;
Lending them His grace; His bright home prepar-ing, Lit - tle ones, for you;

Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a - bove. All His works are
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high. All His work is
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too. All His work is

ended, Joy-ful-ly we sing; Jesus hath as-cend - ed! Glory to our King.
ended, Joy-ful-ly we sing; Jesus hath as-cend - ed! Glory to our King.
ended, Joy-ful-ly we sing; Jesus hath as-cend - ed! Glory to our King.

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239 "Who are These in Bright Array?"

L. O. Emerson.

Solo. Soprano.

cres.

Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are these in bright ar - ray?

Soprano & Alto Chorus.

p

Who are these, Who are

p

in bright ar - ray? in bright ar - ray? in bright ar-ray?

p

these, Who are these, Who are these,

p

f Chorus.

These are they who've wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb, These are

These are they who've wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb, These are

From "Golden Harp," by per.

"Who are These in Bright Array?"

they who've Wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him

they who've wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him

SOLO. *ad lib.*

day and night in His temple. They shall hun - ger no more,

SOLO.

day and night in His temple. neith - er thirst a - ny

CHORUS. *Tempo.* *f* *p*

For the Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them, For the Lamb up - on the

more, For the Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them, For the Lamb up - on the

"Who are These in Bright Array?"

throne shall feed them,

SOLO. ALTO. *rit.*

throne shall feed them, And lead them to liv - ing fountains, to liv - ing fountains,

CHORUS.

p *Soft, and quite slow.*

And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their eyes, And

p

And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their eyes, And

p

cres. *dim.*

God shall wipe a - way all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes.

God shall wipe a - way all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes.

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